THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIII.—No. 1342

SEPTEMBER 4, 1929

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

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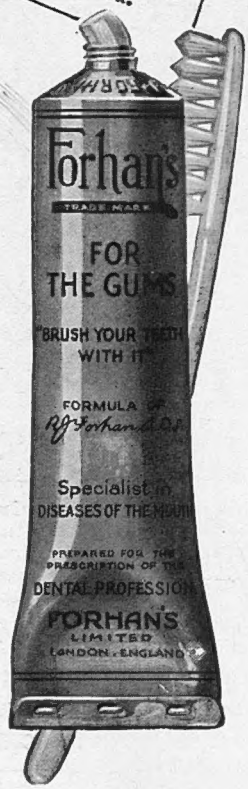

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PRICE 19½ *GNS*

The Bystander, September 4, 1929

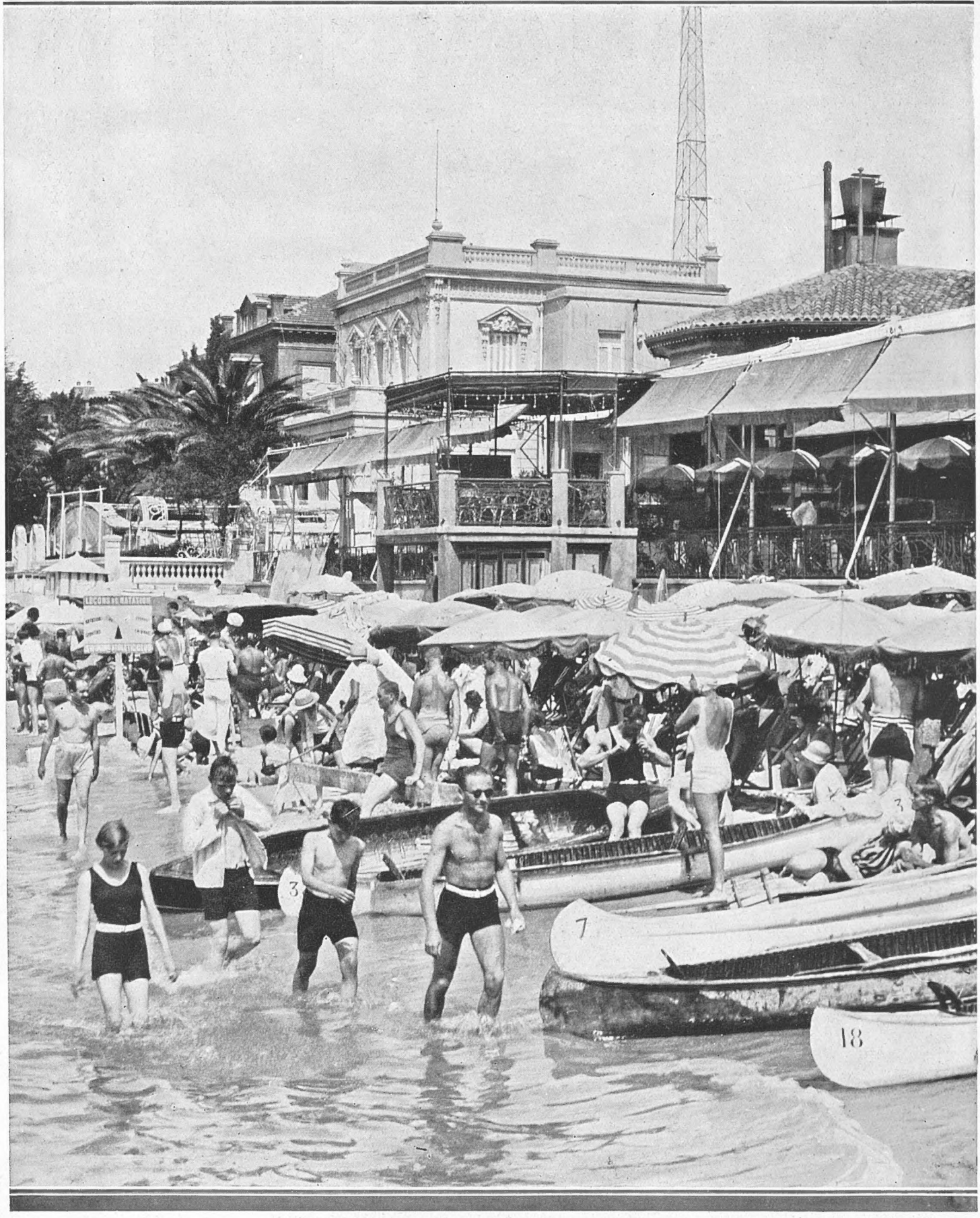
the BYSTANDER

No. 1342 Vol. CIII

Douglas

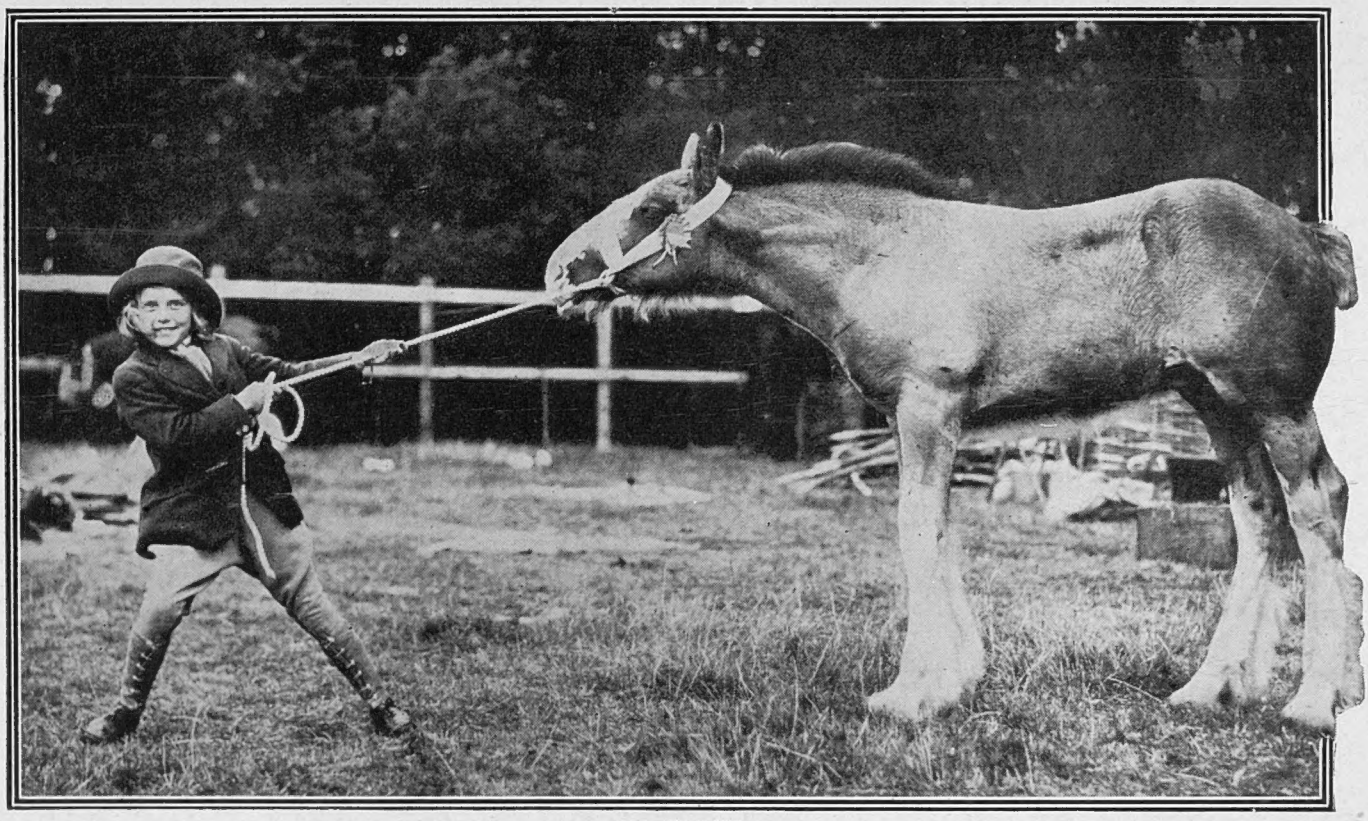
MRS. WARWICK WRIGHT

The beautiful wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Warwick Wright, D.S.O., the well-known motor expert. She and her husband have been busy bathing and enjoying the sunshine in Biarritz during August



Central Press

Only a few years ago the Riviera was almost deserted by pleasure-seekers in the summer months, but now the Summer Season vies with the Winter one in popularity. The crowded corner of the beach at Juan-les-Pins seen above bears eloquent testimony to the increasing popularity of the Côte d'Azur as a summer holiday resort



ON STRIKE? *Express Photos*

Little Audrey Hunt having a lot of trouble with the winning foal at the Romsey Horse Show last week

The Passing Hour

The Forfar Ball

THE Forfar Ball, which is generally considered the finish to the Scottish festivities, is a very cheery affair and rather less invaded by Americans than the other meetings, which are fast losing their national character and are becoming merely a show for foreigners to gape at. English people visit Calgarry to gape at civilised Indians in war bonnets, and Americans come to Scotland to gaze at Highlanders dressed up for their benefit. The Forfar Ball has more than the ordinary number of good-looking hostesses who entertain for the occasion. Lady Strathmore, the mother of the Duchess of York, has a really beautiful face with a most wonderful expression of kindness. Had she been a boy she would have succeeded to the Dukedom of Portland, but probably she much prefers being the *châtelaine* of Glamis Castle with its wonderful bare stone walls and its little turrety rooms. Her daughter-in-law, Lady Glamis, is also very good-looking, slim and dark, and dresses in a style of her own. She is a daughter of the Duke of Leeds.

LORD EDWARD MONTAGU'S CANADIAN BRIDE

Lord Edward Montagu and his bride, Miss Norah MacFarlane, of Edmonton, in Alberta, photographed after the wedding. Lord Edward is the second son of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester

The Home of the Airlies

LADY STRATHMORE'S contemporary, Mabell Dowager Countess of Airlie, will also be a patroness of the Forfar Ball. She is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and is always recognisable by her lovely white hair, dressed *à la* French Marquise. She lives at Airlie Castle, which is the Dower House, and which is perched on the top of a high rock, falling sheer to the foaming Isla below. The Den, which is a dark ravine at the foot of the castle, was the scene of many a fight in the mediæval days, and is supposed to be haunted by evil spirits. Not ten miles away lives her son, Lord Airlie, at Cortachy Castle. He married Lady Bridget Coke, a daughter of Lord Leicester. As a rule the Airlies let Cortachy and go abroad, but this year they are remaining there themselves, but Lord Airlie has let all his moors, and the birds are unusually strong and plentiful. Major and

THE MAN BEHIND THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY

Lady Zia Wernher have taken Downie Park, which stands a mile from the castle, for the last few years, but this year they have gone farther afield. They are inseparable friends of the Airlies and are often to be seen at race meetings, and they all went out to America together.

A Clash of Clans

THE Duke of Argyll is staying at Inveraray Castle, and Lady Elspeth Campbell, his sister, is with him. Although it is many years ago since the Massacre of Glencoe, it might have been only last week, as far as the inhabitants are concerned. Not long ago (and the Duke tells this story himself) a commercial traveller hired a carriage, being in the neighbourhood, and told the driver to take him to the Pass of Glencoe. On arrival there he said, rather incautiously, "I wanted to see the place, for my name is Campbell." "And mine's Macdonald," was the furious answer, "and ye maun get oot and walk, I'll drive nae Campbell." So the unfortunate traveller, who was miles from anywhere, was turned out of the carriage and left to find his way back. Thus are the ancient feuds preserved!

Schneider—of Trophy Fame

WE all know about the Schneider Trophy competition which takes place on Saturday, and having caught the prevailing fever, talk learnedly about the Rolls-Royce Blue Rocket, the Napier Golden Arrow, and hold forth on questions of streamlining, air resistance and other technicalities at great length. How many people, though, know anything about the donor of the Trophy which was presented to the Aero Club of France in 1912? Not many, as I know from experience! Jacques Schneider was a Frenchman—or perhaps I should say Alsatian—and was one of the first people to see the vast future of the aeroplane at a time when the individual machine enjoyed a short life if not a particularly gay one.

His Last Appearance

WHEN the last competition was held at Venice in 1927 some official had the bright idea of inviting the donor of the Trophy to be present. Schneider had been out of the public eye for some time, but finally he was discovered living in seclusion in France, and a cordial

Central News

Lord Aberdeen (left) in the grounds of Aboyne Castle with the Maharajah of Alwar and Colonel Lilburn at the prize giving after the Aboyne Sheepdog Association Trials. The Maharajah presented the prizes to the successful competitors

A HINT TO MUSSOLINI

By Helen McKie

THE BREAKFAST PROBLEM—WHAT IS THE GLASS DOING?

RACING HINTS

Add to the lists already published the names given below.

ORATORIUM
(B. G., by Flamboyant—Oratory).
Owner, Mrs. W. V. Beatty. Trainer, Beatty.
Put in wonderful work to get third to Kodak in the Clifton Welter Handicap (six furlongs) at York, after a slow beginning.

KNIGHT OF THE VALE
(Ch. C., by Prince Galahad—Maida Vale).
Owner, Mr. P. Whitaker. Trainer, Whitaker.
Did not have the best of luck when running second to Celsia Colt in the Robin Hood Stakes (five furlongs) at Hurst Park.

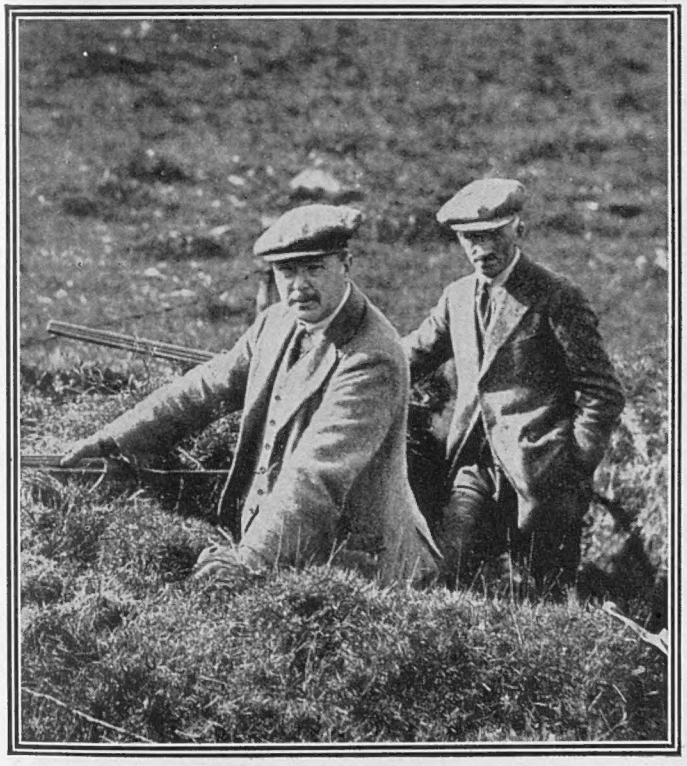
KUDOS
(B. C., by Yutoi—Farindos).
Owner, Mr. H. Arnold. Trainer, F. Hartigan.
Ran fourth last time out in the Staffordshire Handicap (six furlongs) at Wolverhampton, won by Carbineer. A smart colt that will pay to follow.

EGERIA
(Br. F., by Sunstar—Airashii).
Owner, Lady Ludlow. Trainer, W. Nightingall.
Was well expected when running third to Tel-Asur in the Lennox Plate (five furlongs) at Hurst Park. Has only been out four times.

SCOTCH HONEY
(B. F., by Knockando—Melithea).
Owner, Major J. A. Morrison. Trainer, Whitaker.
Was well backed for the first time, when fourth to Glena in the Ditton S. Plate (five furlongs) at Hurst Park. Should be noted for a Nursery.

DRAGONNE D'OR
(Ch. F., by Square Measure—Dress Circle).
Owner, Lord Queenborough. Trainer, Bennett.
Disappointed his connections when not in the first three to Western Flier in the Friday Handicap (one mile) at Haydock. I expect her to be placed to win a race very soon.

"Old Orkney"



Sport and General

The Duke of Atholl in the butts. He was a member of the shooting party given by Mr. Ian Anderson at Blair Castle, Blair-Atholl

official invitation was sent him. Unfortunately, Schneider was living not only in seclusion, but also in poverty, and was unable to pay his fare to Venice. This, however, was solved by the voting of a sum sufficient to cover expenses, and, a very sick man, he went to the Lido to see the huge International contest which was the outcome of his gift. He will not be seen over here, however, for he never recovered from his illness, and died last year in France. Why Jacques Schneider died in poverty is something of a mystery, for he was a member of the famous firm which made the Schneider gun.

Raphael

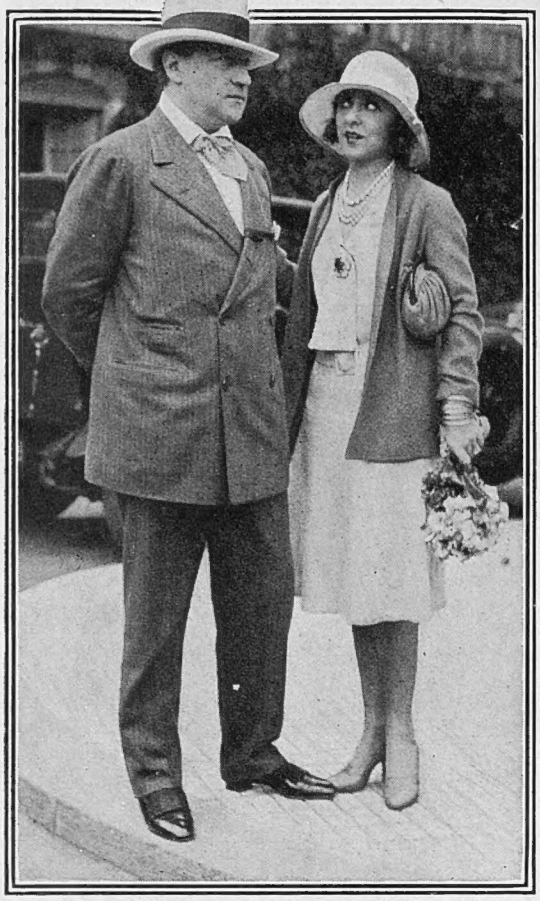
MISS BLANCHE ELLIOTT

The well-known expert on women's fashions, who has joined the staff of "The Bystander." Her first article—which will deal with the latest Autumn modes—will appear next week, with exclusive photographs by Sciaone

A Suggestion for Italy's Exchequer

Usually people spend so much time coaxing their complexions to the required tint of bronze that, when on the Lido, their æsthetic obligations to Venice are forgotten. I choose to think, however, that sight of Sir Joseph Duveen at this delectable spot stirred the conscience of English and Americans into a more active appreciation of its artistic treasures, pictures and sculpture, that, could they be sold, might certainly avoid any financial embarrassment that may overtake the Italian

OUT AND ABOUT AT DEAUVILLE



Studio Riviera

Sacha Guitry, the famous French actor, and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, "resting"—but entirely voluntarily—at Deauville, where they are seen outside the Normandy Hotel. Big-bowed pumps of the type which M. Guitry is seen wearing have yet to become fashionable in this country

More visitors to Deauville facing the sunshine—and the ubiquitous camera. They are Mlle. de Rothschild (left), Comte Gaston de la Rochefoucauld, Baroness E. de Rothschild, Mr. Raymond Bamberger and the Marquis de Brissac

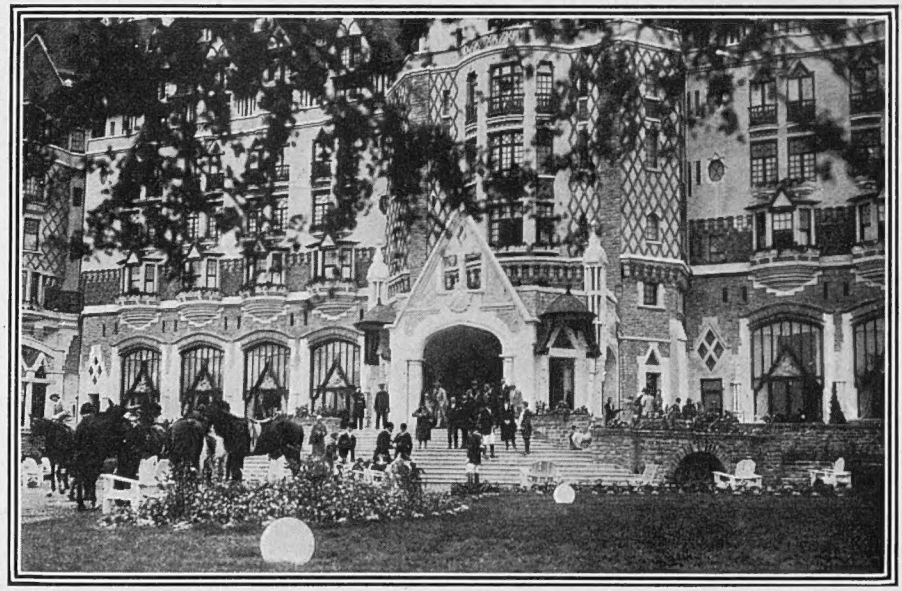
exchequer. Did Mussolini lift the embargo on the sale of all Italian masterpieces, I imagine Sir Joseph could spend a million pounds in a few minutes and make a hundred per cent. profit on his purchases. The Bellini pictures alone would fetch half that amount; and with a couple of Titians, a Giorgione, and a few Tiepolos, the sum would be complete. Mussolini should give thought to such an idea of assisting his revenue, for Italy has sufficient of the world's great paintings not to miss a few million pounds' worth. We have lost to America more than our share of pictures, but in our case the individual and not the country has benefited from the sale.

In Memory of Colonel Mayes

IT is interesting to see that the Lido Lawn Tennis Club has presented a cup for the Men's Open Singles in memory of Colonel Mayes, the well-known athlete who died this year. He must have played on more Continental courts and won more foreign tournaments than any other Englishman. He was the fittest man I have ever known, constantly defeating players of half his age and with what should have been twice his reserve of stamina. His early death was probably the penalty of excessive zeal to maintain a perfect physique.

At Cannes

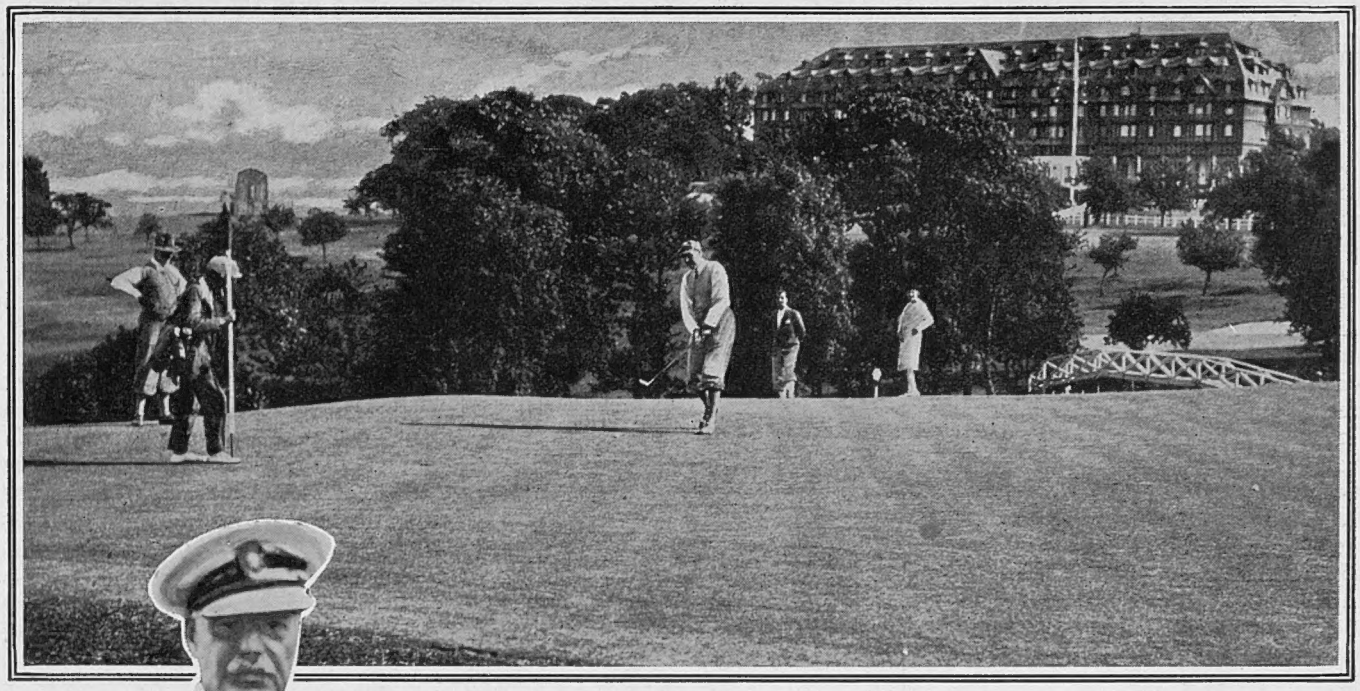
THERE is plenty of high play to be seen at the big baccarat table, where, at the Palm Beach Casino, many well-known folk congregate



A. Pecceu

A meet of the draghounds at the Royal Picardy Hotel. The drag was organised by M. le Camus de Wailly

HOLIDAY TIME ON THE CONTINENT



A morning scene on one of the greens of the links adjoining the Hotel du Golf, at [illegible]. It is a remarkably pretty course, but it is a little doubtful if the real golf "fan" is as alive to the beauty that lies around him as to the beautiful lie that is before him on the green

THE MAN WHO SCARED THE GREEK SYNDICATE

Sir Walter de Frece, who has been winning heavily at the tables recently. The fact that he has added appreciably to an already large fortune has not proved sufficient to make him "smile, please"

each evening. One of the most amusing things is to note the varying styles of dress worn by the players, and one often finds a very smartly dressed girl next door to someone wearing the last word in silk pyjamas. Many people, I notice, have very sensibly given up wearing stockings, even in the evening, and amongst these I noticed the Ranee of Pudakota, in a very pretty mist grey *crêpe de Chine* frock and lovely pearls, who was running some very successful "banks" at one of the "chemmy" tables a night or two ago. Mrs. "Archie" Campbell was one of the loveliest young women present, in a brown and white spotted frock.

A Magazine that Appeals

I HAVE just been glancing through the pages of *Britannia and Eve*, the new shilling monthly magazine which has created such a sensation, and I confess myself surprised not only at the wonderful quality of its literary contents, but even more at its variety. Among many features of outstanding merit is the first instalment of an intensely interesting study of Michael Angelo. This is from the pen of Emil Ludwig, who, of course, is in the front rank of modern biographers, and is a remarkably fine study of the great painter. Lord Birkenhead deals with modern affairs in a striking article, "These Eventful Weeks"; and Evelyn Graham contributes a special interview with the Queen of Spain, and short stories by Dorothy Black, Christine Jope-Slade, and Elliott White Springs are among the fiction in the September issue.

Wide World

SEEN ON THE BEACH

The above costume is not that of a Cingalese. It is merely a pyjama suit of towel material with bright red borders in which the fair bather can stroll on the sands at Deauville

UNCLE SAM: "MORAL GIANT"

By "KIM"

UNITED STATES citizens are by far and away the most interesting people in the world to-day. That is because they are unstable, and anything unstable rivets the eyes of all beholders upon itself in self-defence!

The Yankees are developing all the signs of a people who on small provocation are liable to run amuck. They are the twentieth century human counterpart of the Gadarene swine who ran violently down a steep place into the sea. Why the Gadarenes did so we are not told, but plainly their nerves had given way. American nerves yield many signs of cracking and for a variety of reasons, the principal being that from early youth they set the pace too much, and no one has yet solved the secret of how to live on nerves from childhood and yet retain them.

THIS isn't the view, needless to remark, of President Hoover. "America," said he, not long ago at a banquet, "is the world's most powerful nation; the creditor of Europe; the moral giant of history. It will not be long before America undertakes the administration of the globe."

So far America has shown the utmost reticence to undertake the slightest responsibility of the globe except oilfields or mineral wealth, or small peoples like the Cubans, where there are dollars to be pouched. Wilson invented the Geneva League of Nations, but the States declined to join it, although very anxious to see John Bull well nobbled. The resettlement of Europe, which Uncle Sam reaped the dollar torn and bleeding after a War from harvest, has interested her not one iota except as regards the repayment of capital and interest owing. What Empire routes has America to police? And why did they bring pressure to bear upon us to break our Naval Pact with the Japanese?

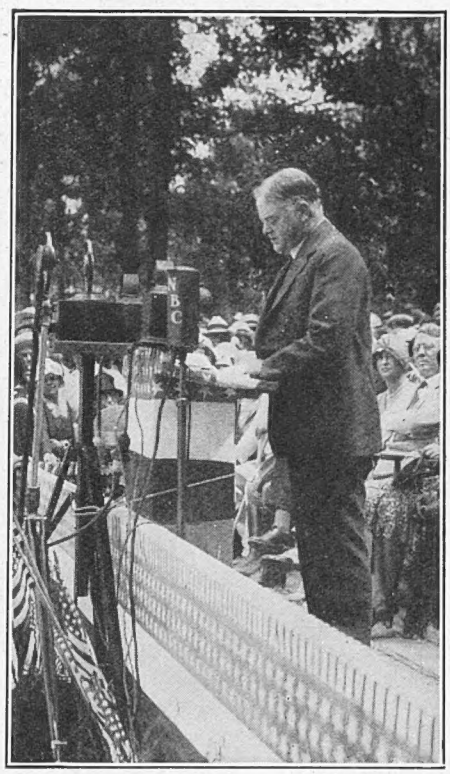
AMERICA has not yet yielded one tittle of evidence of bearing even a fraction of the white man's burden. Pass to the next point: Is she the "moral giant of history"?

Various characteristics of a nation indicate stability or otherwise. The administration of justice. The respect for law and order. Concern for one's neighbour. Decency for decency's sake. Religion—or if that word is not liked, let us say the recognition of the Ten Commandments. The rectitude of public men.

"I Don't Need It But You Do, John."

THE NAVY "PARITY"

The above cartoon is from the Washington Post. Its accuracy is seen by the fact that whilst the U.S.A. have increased their navy by 50% Great Britain has reduced by 47% since the war. In 1927-8 the U.S.A. spent 10 millions sterling less than we did on her navy, but for the current year the estimates are for nearly 40 millions more



HOOVER MAKES A SPEECH

The new President is very cautious. A crowd of 5,000 gathered at Madison, Virginia, and microphones broadcast all over the continent, but he ignored politics and talked about fishing

The general administration of the State. How far in these matters does Uncle Sam conform to Mr. Hoover's "moral giant" boast?

Let us start at the head of the "moral giant."

No less a person than the late President Wilson wrote that "the Government is run from Wall Street. There the President goes with hat in hand looking for orders." Wilson was not a wit. He had a certain shrewdness and he knew his business. Scores of "graft" scandals expose men in high positions. We have seen the Secretary of the Treasury bought. Senators have been known to stoop as low as any gutter-snipe. The political bosses with their highly organised graft system, in which bribery and corruption begin at the top and continue to the bottom, are so notorious that no American will even question the fact.

VISCOUNT BRYCE, who admired America, was fain to admit in his work, "Modern Democracies," that "while ward politicians made their petty gains in the lowest strata of city life, and the ward leader directed his voting regiment like a colonel, members of the Ring installed themselves in offices where money could be scooped in by large operations."

Public administration, from the President's job down to the latest police recruit, is due to corruption in the ballot-box onwards, with the result that bribery is rampant.

Wall Street is the Super-Boss. Its bosses control legislation, declare war, make peace. It finances the Lindberg flights—herald of a future world war waged across the Atlantic—and the Mexican scrap. It stands behind the Pan-American Congress, the secret reason for holding aloof from the League of Nations, and in the naval eclipse of Great Britain.

Public administration is rotten. Mr. R. A. Patton, in *Current History*, a leading American publication, says this: "Elections are bought and sold, competent men are forced from office, and incompetents put in their places; municipal, county and State Governments are honeycombed with rottenness and intrigue."

THE Republican Party, whose nominee was President Hoover, stinks of oil graft, as investigated by a Committee of the Senate. When everything follows in the wake of a political party which bribes and shares out if it wins, the judiciary are also unstable. The London

MIXED BLOOD AND MIXED MORALS

"WINS MEN'S BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST"

Anthony Sansone, of Sunnyside, Long Island, being presented with a loving cup by Miss Beryl Halley—dancer. In the event of Sansone winning the Men's Bathing Beauty Contest to be held at the Washington Baths, Coney Island, the winner also receives title of "Mr. Greater New York"

Times not long since published a Chicago cable relating to the arrest of Judge Emanuel Eller, of the Supreme Court, who, with his father, Boss Morris Eller, and eighteen other men, was sent for trial on twenty-three counts, including murder, attempted murder, protection of prostitution, and permitting gambling in return for political favour. Whilst out on heavy bail Judge Eller announced that he would still wear his judical robes as Acting Chief Justice!

Such mentality is only possible among the unstable; among a community so deeply ingrained with graft that the *only* crime is to be found out.

AMERICAN blood is a mixture of the worst elements of the world's *expulsés* or failures over a long period before Ellis Island came into being. The Ghettos of Europe and the East have contributed more than their quota; Syrians, Levantines, Mongols, Russians, Dagoes, the outcast of the lowest bazaars who went across the Atlantic because they failed in their own countries; Irish peasantry, whose age-old unreliability and bigotry are a byword; shiploads of women who were expelled from the stews of Paris at the time of the French Revolution and sent to New Orleans and other then French possessions; negro descendants who were the former slaves; and Red Indians, whose admixture with the whites is apparent in the physiognomy of a large part of the population. Against these the better-class elements, Anglo-Saxons and Nordic races, are but a precious drop in the ocean amongst a hybrid mixture of brown, yellow, and black.

THERE is no scientific reason at all which provides that bad or mixed pedigrees will build up a nation capable of supremacy. Bad blood in a horse, dog, ox, or any other animal will out, and so it is with human beings, a fact for which Ellis Island now stands as a solid recognition. The wealth, glitter, and show of the the great American cities act only as a veneer to the surging passions and inherited vices of peoples whose ancestors were drawn from the worst elements for the most part. This latent savagery is seen in the crimes of the Ku Klux Klan, the treatment of negroes, the utter lack of manners or breeding, and the murders which stain American civilisation.

IT is a solecism to talk of America as a "New Nation." It is nothing of the kind. It is a conglomerate of mainly the worst of the oldest nations, drawn out of their natural habitats and thrown together like men in a mining camp, the lure which brought them all there being the Almighty Dollar. "His Dollar," says K. L. Gauba, in a book just published, entitled "Uncle Sham," "buys State legislation, it buys immunity from distasteful laws, it buys the luxury of his daily life; the Dollar has made marriage a mockery, motherhood a curse: but what of that? The Dollar buys licence, the Dollar buys women. The lust of the Dollar overshadows other instincts. The Dollar destiny is the idea of American manhood and American womanhood—an Oriental idea."

In civilisation women and the home are the surest test. What is the position of America's women to-day? That is the next point to be considered in the "Moral Giant of History."

NOTE.—*The captions on this page are unedited American. Any further comment would be superfluous.*

NEXT WEEK:
"America's Young Women"
by "Kim"

"JUST A NERVOUS WRECK—"

That's what police said was the trouble with Thomas Merola, shown being dragged back to the Tombs from Supreme Court after Habeas Corpus writ was dismissed. Formerly a singing waiter in the Hotsy Totsy Club, Merola named Jack (Legs) Diamond as killer of William Cassidy and Simon Walker, slain in club. Doctors claim he is unbalanced; police say he is frightened

FLYING NOTES

THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Fox Photo

The new Rolls-Royce S.6, known as the Blue Rocket. She has attained the terrific speed of over 350 m.p.h. in practice flights

A FAMOUS VETERAN *Central Press*

The Gloster-Napier 4, one of the machines which competed for the Schneider Trophy at Venice in 1927 and on which our pilots have achieved a speed of 350 m.p.h. in practice flights. Our Italian rivals must be more than a little nervous of the possibilities of our 1929 machines

The Blue Riband of the Air

IN 1927 the Royal Air Force team won for Great Britain the Schneider Trophy, which is the most coveted of all prizes for international speed events—and this year a different team has the honour of defending it over British waters against all comers. When the Trophy was first presented to the Aero Club of France in 1912 by M. Jacques Schneider, no one realised, not excepting the donor, that the contest for its possession would develop from one amongst many inter-club races to the world's premier sporting event. The deed of gift provides that the race shall be open to seaplanes of all descriptions, that the club which subsequently wins shall organise the race in its own country, and that the Trophy may become a permanent possession by three "firsts" within a period of five years. On two occasions in the past the Trophy has all but become a museum piece, decorating the entrance hall of a club which had won it for three years in succession. A special effort was made by Great Britain in 1922, when the Italians had been the holders for two years, and we were successful in keeping the Trophy in circulation. In the following year we lost it to the United States, and by 1926 there was again the danger that it would find a permanent home, thereby robbing international sport of a great spectacle and something which had become a supreme test of man's skill and endurance. In that year America had as challengers an Italian team supported wholeheartedly by its Government and they achieved what was apparently impossible, beating the Americans by a handsome margin at more than 250 miles an hour. No country has won twice during the last five years, so this year's race will be but a prelude to another even more thrilling as speeds increase.

Flying for England!

VICTORY in any form of mechanical sport is a result of team work of the highest order. The designers and the constructors are in the hands of the engineers who prepare the machines for the race, and everything

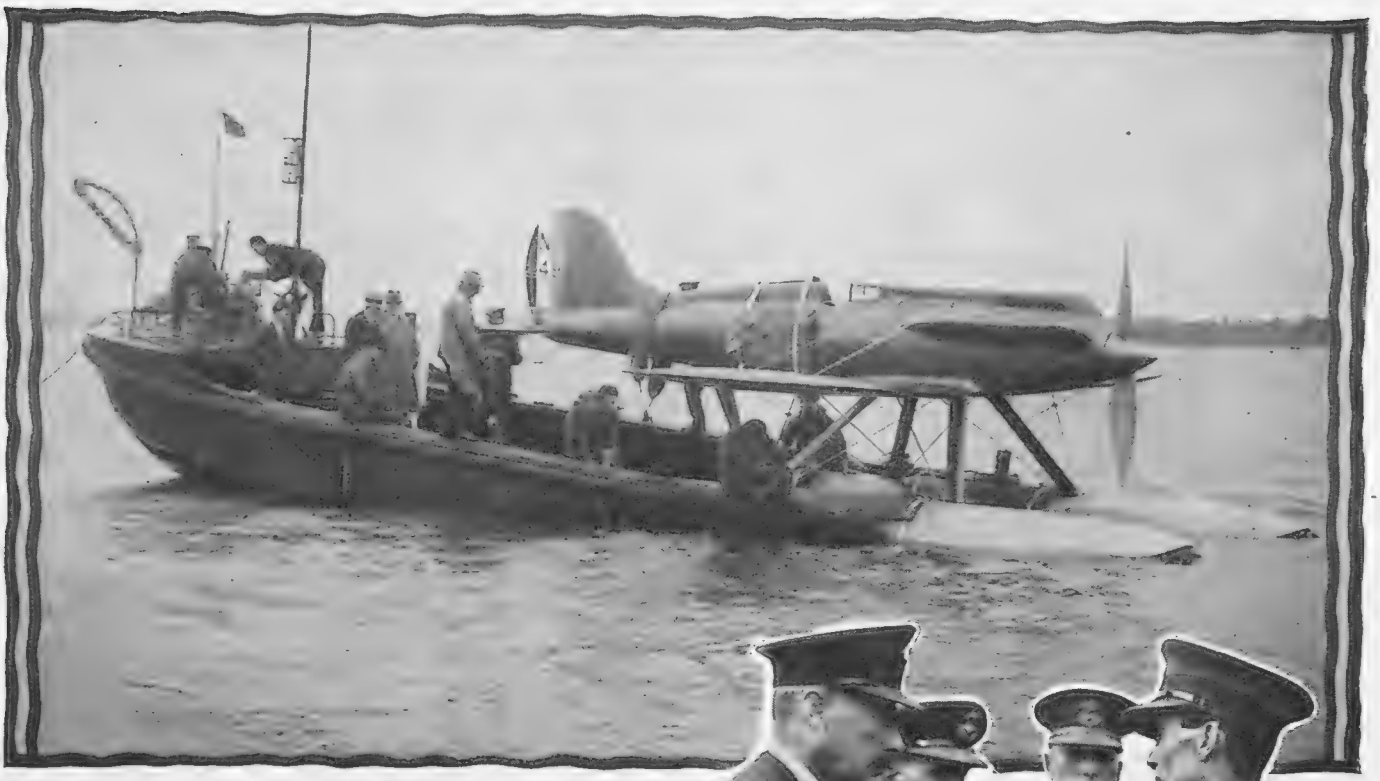
APOLOGY.

In view of the importance of the Schneider Trophy race, which is really a test of international prowess in sea-flight action—possibly the next real issue in a great war—we had intended to publish a special eight-page supplement.

But the unfortunate chapter of accidents to the Italian team has to a large extent robbed the race of international significance. The withdrawal of America and the inability of France to compete further deprive it of the interest which would otherwise exist.

We have unfortunately not been able to publish all of Capt. Ward's interesting article, but in a future issue will give the race itself the fullest consideration.

THE MYSTERY OF ITALY



Central Press

Another of the new machines, the Gloster-Napier N.6, being towed out to her taking-off point on the specially constructed pontoons which are used in rough weather. This machine, which is popularly known as the Golden Arrow, is expected to attain very high speeds

depends finally on the skill of the pilot. The name of Captain H. C. Baird, who brought the Trophy back to England in 1922, is quite unknown except amongst flying people, yet but for his achievement, and also that of the Italian, de Bernardi, in 1926, we should not be able to watch the great event which is to take place over the Solent next Saturday. The speed of the race has already increased by more than six times that of the winning machine in 1913, from 45-75 to 281-84 miles an hour; and this year it is certain that the 300 mark will be exceeded. From an inter-Club event this race has become a trial between nations. Our team in 1927 was headed by Sq.-Ldr. Slatter, the pilots taking part in the actual race being Fl.-Lt. Worsley, the late Fl.-Lt. Kinkead, and Fl.-Lt. Webster, who was the winner. The higher authorities of the Air Force have taken the view that any pilot who is absolutely fit can be trained for high speed racing, and consequently our team this year is an entirely new one. Sq.-Ldr. A. H. Orlebar is in command, and members of the Flight from which will be chosen the actual team of three being Fl.-Lts. D'Arcy Greig and G. H. Stainforth, Flying Officers R. L. R. Atcherley and H. R. D. Waghorn, with Flying Officer T. H. Moon supervising on the technical side.

360 Miles an Hour!

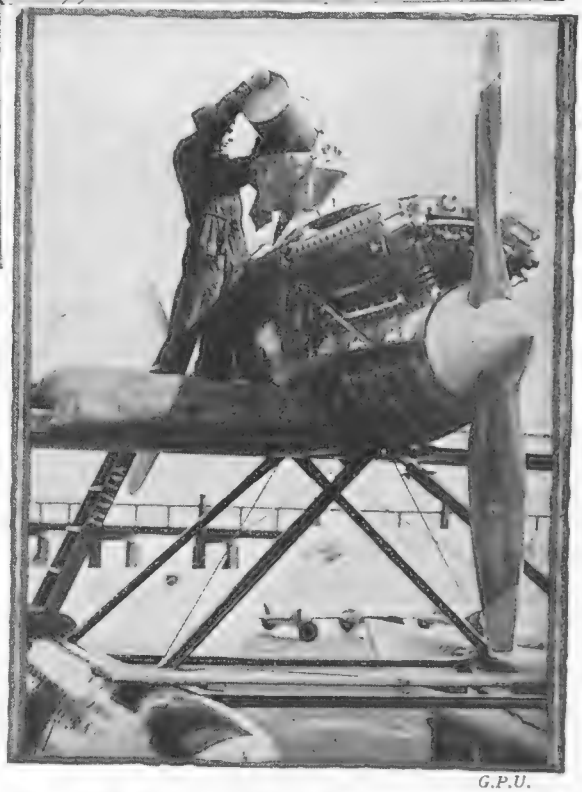
Six machines, all monoplanes, have been built this year to Air Ministry orders, three to be known as type S.6 by Supermarines, fitted with a new and immensely powerful Rolls-Royce engine, and three by the Gloster Company which are equipped with the well-tried Napier "Lion" in each case. The Supermarine Aviation Works and D. Napier and Sons between them were responsible for Baird's Sea Lion with which he won at Naples in 1922. The same combination of constructors were responsible for the S.4, which in 1925, with Baird as pilot, broke the world's seaplane record at nearly 227 miles an hour, and also for the S.5, the winner in 1927. Rolls-Royce need no

L.N.A.

Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Salmond chatting with Squadron-Leader Orlebar, who captains our Schneider Trophy team

OUR ITALIAN RIVALS AT CALSHOT

L.N.A.



G.P.U.

Two views of the Italian Macchi M.52 at Calshot. This machine, in which Major de Bernardi won the world's speed record, appears to offer more wind resistance than do the new British machines

introduction, though it is interesting to note that this is the first occasion on which they have designed an engine specially for high-speed work. Preliminary trials indicate that the S.6, with its new partner, is well up to expectations—but none of the machines will be flown all out until the race proper, so no accurate forecast can be given. The Gloster Company has championed the biplane against the monoplane for racing purposes ever since the War. In 1921 the Bamel won the Aerial Derby at its first public appearance, and as a land machine made 212 miles an hour average speed over the one kilometre course. It was used as a training machine, fitted with floats for one team which went to America in 1925, and the Gloster III, piloted by Broad, which took second place to the American Curtis's Navy Racer, was afterwards proved to have a speed of just under 220 m.p.h. The Gloster IV, which took part in the last race at Venice, was undoubtedly as fast as the S.5, but this year the company has been compelled to change over to a monoplane design in order to get better installation of the Super-charged Napier.

The Sensations of Speed

THE sensations of flying at six miles a minute are few in number, but each is distinct from the other. The machine taxies over the water at its slowest speed of 15 miles an hour, producing that hopeless feeling when the brakes won't work downhill. Upon opening the throttle there is an unpleasant moment when the turning motion of the propeller tends to make the machine twist like a corkscrew, and then in a fraction of time the floats are chattering over the water, which feels as hard as concrete, the machine gathering speed for the take-off. This latter provides one of the surprises of high-speed flying from the water, being accompanied by a thump in the back as speed increases from 90 to 190 miles an hour almost immediately. Once aloft the air-speed indicator shows 200, 250, 300, and yet the only sensation of speed is gathered from familiar landmarks, which pass more rapidly than at a paltry 100 m.p.h. The glide appears to be a normal one at 70 miles an hour, whereas the air speed indicator shows above 120; but after keeping parallel and close to the water for some distance speed drops to 90, and the landing is made.

Our Friends the Enemy!

As the race seems likely to be a duel between ourselves and the Italians, it is as well to remember that the latter have made their plans with extraordinary care. Regarding the race as one involving national prestige, which is so vital to the Mussolini régime in Italy, no money has been spared to create new types of machines and engines and to train fresh personnel. It is the Italian equipment which is of the greatest interest; no fewer than twelve machines have been built, three by each of four firms, Macchi, Savoia, Fiat and Piaggio, the engines in the first two types being Isotta Fraschini and in the last two Fiat. Both the Macchi and the Fiat machines are normal monoplanes in conception and design, but the other two are a complete departure from established practice. Just how these mystery machines will behave under racing conditions is unknown. The single entry from America was another mystery machine of the United States Navy, but has scratched. It is rumoured to have a 2,000 horse-power Packard engine, and is an improved version of the machine which was sent to Venice in 1927, but which was not ready in time to take part in the race. The French were to have provided further dark horses, but their 'planes fitted with Hispano-Suiza engines have missed the boat, in the sense that they are not yet tested, which seems a great pity after two years!

This year's race over the Solent will convince over a million spectators not only that flying is synonymous with progress, but that the race for the Schneider Trophy in 1929 provided a thrill without parallel. C. E. W.

MUSIC-HALLS—ANCIENT AND MODERN

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Illustrations by SCOTSON CLARKE, taken from "The Halls" by kind permission of T. Fisher Unwin (Ernest Benn, Ltd.)

THINGS in the theatrical world being as dull as a wet Sunday in Walworth, I have been doing a round of the music-halls in order to try to re-capture the rosy rapture with which I visited them in my youth, and I was more impressed than ever with the difference there is between the turns seen nowadays and those which attracted audiences in the past.

THE music-halls themselves, too, have changed. In years gone by there were four in which one was almost sure to find a good programme. These were the London Pavilion, the Tivoli, the Oxford, and the Trocadero. The London Pavilion is now a theatre, the Tivoli is a picture-house, the Oxford—when opened—is a theatre, while the Trocadero is a place for food. No present West End music-hall in London in any way resembles these. Gone is the intimacy. Vastness reigns supreme.

SO far as the modern music-hall is concerned I feel that for jolly Rabelasian humour the new programme compared with the past is as moonlight is to sunlight, as water unto wine. Many of the old brigade were not only artistes, they were artists as well; for an artist creates, while an artiste only performs.

Eugene Stratton, the most artistic singer of coon songs who ever lived

Dan Leno, one of the biggest favourites seen on the music-hall stage. His great desire was to play "Hamlet," but he spent his life making people laugh, and died in an asylum

WHAT "star turns" there used to be! It was no uncommon thing to find in one bill Dan Leno, almost tearfully comic; Eugene Stratton, the perfect coon; Marie Lloyd, supreme in the delineation of character; the mercurial R. G. Knowles, whose first appearance (which I saw) in England captured the Town immediately; Harry Randall, still alive and well, whose songs added catchphrases to our language; and Vesta Tilley, now Lady de Frece, who achieved the miraculous in making artistic the *rôle* of "male impersonator." I have mentioned but a few of a brilliant crowd which made you laugh—which kept you laughing, and who made you laugh again.

IF in 1929 there is one single-turn comedian in the bill who can make you laugh, and keep you laughing, you are indeed lucky!

THERE is only one I have seen of late years who in any way resembles those giants of the past. This is Billy Bennett, whose classic features are shown on another page, and who was recently at the Alhambra. He is as big a draw as anyone nowadays—so big, indeed, that it seems a pity that there are no others who can find both the requisite material and the ability to "put it across."

WHAT has taken the place of these almost extinct volcanoes? Well, the principal attraction at the Coliseum recently was a one-act play of poor quality called *The Blood-stained Sables*. Jeanne de Casalis—a recruit from the theatre—not only acted in it, but herself adapted this playlet from the French. It amazed me to think that so clever an actress should have thought it worth her while to appear in so obvious a sketch—much less take the trouble to adapt it. It was a bad

R. G. Knowles, the American patter comedian, with the staccato style. He was performing at the Victoria Palace only a few days before his death

NEW STARS FOR OLD

day for the halls when they were allowed to perform plays.

MORE in keeping with the turn of a music-hall programme was the musical clown Noni—assisted by Horace—and though the former reminds one of Grock, whose shoes he affects—though hardly fills—he is, in his own way, genuinely clever and amusing.

THERE was also the inevitable band at the Coliseum, but this was not regarded as a star turn, as it was the last item on the programme; very different from the position accorded to another at the Palladium, where a Mr. Care Freed is billed as "U-Rope's foremost musical director"—a modest claim which I hardly think can be sustained.

THIS Yankee orchestra was very like others of its species in which the saxophone reigns supreme, when nasty noises take the place of music and it appears to be the height of humour to have gilded bowler hats to mute the chords and discords. Personally, I found this turn hard to bear, but it is only fair to add that it was extremely popular.

BUT there *was* a turn at the Palladium which I thought well worth the price of admission. When Nervo and Knox appeared and started their ancient burlesque of a classical ballet I was sorry because I had seen it any number of times previously, but this pair made me laugh as much as if the turn were absolutely new to me. My sorrow quickly turned to joy. Later on they appeared again—a new feature in music-hall programmes, surely?—in "The Conjurer's Nightmare," in which as two "clean" boys their back-chat was, on occasions, not obviously clean, and their slap-stick fun was vulgar—and uproariously funny.

ANOTHER pair who devote themselves to back-chat are Tom Payne and Vera Hilliard, who were at the Holborn Empire in the same week, and were thoroughly appreciated by an exacting audience which is found here. It knows what it wants and sees that it gets it.

WITHOUT a pang I notice the disappearance of the music-hall singer who used to ladle out patriotic and sentimental ballads. To hear the late G. H. MacDermott sing "On the Bridge at Midnight" was at once an experience and an infliction. Nowadays patriotism is not sung about, and sentiment is generally provided by a dual act in which one young man at the piano accompanies another who warbles of the moon and blues. Quite a good pair on these lines are Charles Derickson and Burton Brown, also at the Palladium, and the former in addition gave us "Mandalay," with but a faint attempt to follow too closely the exact words of Kipling's poem.

Marie Lloyd, whose character studies were instinct with life. Sarah Bernhardt considered her one of the finest actresses which England has ever seen

ANOTHER feature in which the modern beats the ancient is in dancing. In the old music-hall—as distinct from the palaces of variety such as the Empire and Alhambra, where ballet reigned supreme—the dancing turns were of not much account, being generally provided by a buxom female who first sang a song and then, showing a foam of petticoat, indulged in a few steps and high kicks.

NOW dancing of all kinds at the music-halls is of the very best, and often takes an important position in the programme. There was lately a turn at the Holborn Empire of the acrobatic sort provided by George Herman which was clever, and at the Palladium Gerado and Adair, assisted by another couple—the troupe call themselves Acro Dancers—was startling. The dancing itself was good, and the manner in which the women were thrown about the stage from man to man was almost in the nature of jugglery. Assuredly here the modern music-hall has the old beaten to a frazzle, for in almost every programme the dancing is—acrobatic or otherwise—extraordinarily skilful.

HERE have I reached almost the end of my tether without referring to a past giant in Albert Chevalier, but he is not ineffectively placed unsurrounded by other famous music-hall stars for the reason that, though playing on the halls, he was not of them. Before he made for himself an unforgettable name in variety, "Chivvie" was an actor, and a fine actor too, and he remained a fine actor to the end. I can recall the excitement caused by his first appearance at the London Pavilion, and the silence which greeted his first entrance there—a silence which Chevalier thought so noisy that he was almost unnerved! It was, of course, as a coster that he triumphed, and no one has ever approached him since. I think the music-hall star who follows him most closely is Will Fyffe, whom I last saw at the Victoria Palace. He is different from Chevalier, and yet, because he relies on character for his effects, there is a certain likeness between the two. Will Fyffe, in his own way, is also an artist as well as an artiste.

V. W.

Vesta Tilley, now Lady de Frece, whose character studies of young soldiers, sailors and "johnnies" were as artistic as they were true to life

BY WILL OWEN

INSURANCE AGENT: "*Good gracious, Mr. Finkelstein, this is your third accident within a month!*"
MR. FINKELSTEIN: "*Yeth—ain't I lucky?*"

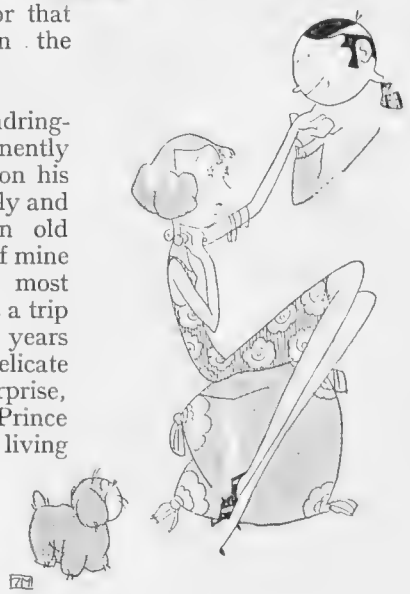
if gossip

Photopress

Miss Kilburn Scott with a basketful of potential mischief. The puppies are Samoyeds, which are being reared at her mother's kennels at Farningham

LOYAL peasants in the neighbourhood of what American journals call "the Sandringham Home" have declared that, happy though they are that the King is among them once more, they will not be entirely satisfied until they hear the sound of His Majesty's gun. It will be good to know that after long months of pain and boredom the King is able to take up his favourite sport again, but any such expectations are for the moment premature, nor must it be forgotten that the last time the Royal gun was heard in that part of the world was during the duck-shooting expedition which was the cause of the illness that so nearly proved fatal. With the mists of autumn lurking at the door no risks must be run. Nor, of course, will they be, though we have not forgotten that picnic at Windsor that caused a relapse in the early summer.

THE KING at Sandringham is pre-eminently a country gentleman on his own estate, and a kindly and considerate host. An old journalistic friend of mine holds among his most cherished memories a trip to Sandringham years ago on rather delicate business. To his surprise, the King (who was Prince of Wales then and living at York Cottage) received him and was perfectly charming, despite the difficulty of the position. When the interview was at an end His Royal Highness (at that time) asked how his visitor was going to get back to London and, calling for an "A.B.C." guide, looked out the trains and wrote them down himself. And in the car that drove him to the station my friend found—for it was a bitterly cold winter's afternoon with a cruel wind blowing—a flask of old brown sherry, cigars, and a packet of sandwiches.



THE RIVAL!

I AM surprised that the eagle eyes of the experts have not commented on the well-established fact that on his first Sunday at Sandringham the King wore during his walk to church a blue serge suit and a tall hat. His Majesty, who is one of the best-dressed men in the country, can do no wrong, either sartorially or in any other respect. But the scheme of garments in question is, save for young stockbrokers rushing about Austin Friars, unprecedented. Certainly the King wore an overcoat. But a blue serge suit normally connotes turned-up trousers, which with a tall hat disagrees violently. The late President Wilson, who was so cautious about the entry of America into the War, carried the spirit of compromise to the extent of being photographed with King George at Buckingham Palace in a tall hat and frock coat with one

A HELPING HAND

A newspaper says that some American visitors to England are so *blasé* that it is impossible to get them really interested in any sight. We think, however, that below we have solved the problem.

WE'VE lots of girls with eyes like sloes
Whose cheeks with healthy vigour glows
Like some sweet, sun-kissed English rose,
Who wear trim frocks and silken hose
Plus lots of neat—er—quelque chose.

Your home-town "buds" can beat all those?
Then would you see our British pro.'s
Who, down-at-heel and out-at-toes,
Since Yankee actors filled our shows,
Are buffeted by Fortune's blows?

That sight will cost you no repose?
Well, ere you get too comatose,
Come where some quiet river flows
Between lush grass and cattle lows
And daisies lie like summer snows.

Fifth Av'noo whacks 'em, you suppose?
They don't sell "hooch" in ivied close?
The birds you like aren't black as crows
But "poems" though like vulgar prose
And nothing quiet and ancient goes?

Then, here's a sight which, goodness knows,
Should hold you in the deepest throes
Of ecstasy and shake your pose—
What price Old England, scorning foes,
Still paying Hoover through the nose?

B. W.

LORD LONSDALE'S

Lady Maureen Stanley, Colonel Woodburn, Sir Maurice Athletic Meeting. Our dress expert is not enamoured of inches

we must

By S. A. Martin

"Fast? Why, she blew her own headlights out last night!"

trouser leg turned up and the other turned down. Strangely enough, that fashion did not become general.

EXHAUSTIVE and patient researches by a contributor to a publication entitled, "Man — and his Clothes," have produced statistics as to the choice of clothes worn at two important first nights. It has been done most scientifically, and the tables setting forth white and black ties and dinner-jackets and tail-coats are awe-inspiring. Shirts, it seems, were 70 per cent. with two stud-holes, and 30 per cent. with one stud-hole, which must be cheering news down at the stud farms. Gold studs, which I had imagined to be rather wrong (the really fashionable first-nighter should confine his stock of gold to his cigarette-case and his teeth) were in a large majority. But no mention was made of the studs of genuine aspirin, seccotined on at the last moment to match a piqué-fronted shirt. At one theatre under observation not one double-breasted dinner-jacket could be seen—which prompts the disquieting thought that the influence of Mr. Jack Buchanan cannot be what it was! Fourteen per cent. of the collars were "decidedly shallow," yet of the depth of their wearer's intelligence there is no hint. And in the hosts of black or white ties I searched in vain for Mr. Willie Clarkson's famous black tie with a white rim, specially chosen by Sarah Bernhardt.

OF course in England, and in London in particular, heaps of pretty girls are to be found. True, to find them up to the exact requirements for stage purposes is not so very easy, though C. B. Cochran's offer of £20 a week is partly the gesture of the very clever showman that C. B. C. is. Walk any fine evening in the neighbourhood of Bond Street, Dover Street, and Grafton Street between 6 and 6.30, and take a good look at the girls you see. (Don't walk too slowly or look too hard, or the police may have something to say. The explanation that you are "helping Mr. Cochran" may not be accepted.) These young assistants in the smart milliners' and dressmakers' shops are, a vast proportion of them, gloriously pretty. They have lovely complexions, good legs (most important), and they walk like goddesses. They are infinitely prettier than the crowd of dark-eyed *midinettes* Paris lets loose at a similar hour. London, and England, should be proud of them.

Sport and General

WHITE WAISTCOAT

Bromley-Wilson and Lord Lonsdale at the Grasmere Lord Lonsdale's waistcoat, suggesting that it is cut several too long

Photopress

LADY OXFORD'S NEW OCCUPATION

It is, perhaps, not unfitting that Lady Oxford should have tried her skill at dart-throwing at the fête held in the grounds of her home at Sutton Courtney. For, being blessed with a quick wit and a sharp tongue, she has often registered a direct hit, both verbally and in writing, on those persons and objects that have displeased her

KING EDWARD AND THE BARBER

Stage Photo Co.

LUCKY THIRTEEN

The thirteen attractive girls who constitute the chorus of Charlot's Cabaret Revue, which is being presented nightly at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. Cabaret is taking a more and more important place in the entertainment world and its stars are drawing salaries which compare very favourably with those of the music-halls

A CERTAIN winner in Cochran's quest for beauties is Marjorie Robertson; but then Cochran did not have to do much questing for Marjorie, for he had her in stock, as it were. She has been in his chorus at the London Pavilion for a couple of years, and before that she was in *Rose Marie*. A graceful blonde, and as Scottish as her name and the little tartan tie she wore when I met her, she is at her best when playing lawn tennis—and resting after it. Her brother is Stewart Robertson, the baritone, who sings on Bach and Beethoven nights at the Queen's Hall, and toured Australia with Dame Nellie Melba. Of course, Marjorie Robertson wishes ultimately to get out of the chorus. And so she will—but whether the leading part she will play will be on the stage or in holy matrimony is uncertain.

THE two most prominent features of the Old Bensonians' dinner were Henry Ainley's eloquence and Lyall Swete's beard. The latter, whom I had not seen since he played Cardinal Wolsey (without a beard) at the old Empire, now looks like a mixture of Brahms and some distinguished French diplomatist. His appearance is immensely improved.

The man who trains that beard tells a curiously interesting tale. He used to be King Edward's barber. In his last illness the King sent for him and asked him to trim his beard. When he had finished His Majesty called for a mirror and said: "No, not quite right. A little more off here and here. *The whole world will be looking at it in a couple of days.*" Twenty-four hours later the Royal prophecy was only too sadly fulfilled, for the King died, and that photograph of the Royal deathbed went to every civilised corner of the globe as speedily as the mails could convey it.

By Chicot

"They told me you married your wife because she had lots of money"
"They exaggerated, then. I married her because *I* had none!"

"Does one have to enter boys for
"I'm afraid so. Do you want to
"Yes, if I have a boy!"

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. B. DU PRE

MISS D. D. STEEL

Two caricatures of well-known croquet players which appear in "A Croquet Book of Nonsense," by H. F. Crowther Smith, who is himself a keen player

THIS is the story of how a rather well-known man secured the election of his nephew to an even better-known club. The task seemed to be rather difficult, as no member knew the nephew. So the uncle, anxious to secure the support of the committee and others, gave an elaborate dinner-party at which was present a tall, good-looking, well-mannered young man, who, though becomingly modest, charmed everyone when he did speak, told some amusing (and new) stories, and made himself generally well liked. In due course the nephew was elected, and immediately afterwards a strange youth of repellent aspect began to frequent the club, and became unpopular on sight. "Who are you?" he was asked. "I'm Mr. —'s nephew," was the reply. And so he was. The hero of the dinner party wasn't. The uncle's explanation is that he has more than one nephew.

By H. Dodd

your school some years ahead?"
enter your boy?"

THE American "movies" have long had an aristocracy of wealth—the *mouveau riche,* if I may say so—all its own. But is there any occasion on which the female members of it do *not* wear bathing costumes? As one who is profoundly ignorant of the film world (the only film star I know by name and sight is Mary Pickford), I am amazed at the regularity with which these shapely ladies are photographed for Press purposes in the clothes that cling and the *maillot* that moulds. Is this art? Or is it just because they *are* so shapely? A bathing-pool is obviously as necessary and regular a part of the film star's domestic equipment as the kitchen table is of the Englishman's home. But its owner does not use her bathing-dress solely for bathing in it. A bathing-dress is the correct attire in movie-land for milking cows, white-washing farms, picking apples on the top of a ladder (high-heeled shoes go with this), and saying farewell to a white-haired mother. Meanwhile the village clock ticks slowly on. . . . And then . . .

I WAS reminded that croquet continues to attract quite a number of players by glancing through "A Croquet Nonsense Book," by H. F. Crowther-Smith, who pokes fun at some of the more famous in pen and pencil. Reproduced are two caricatures, one of Lt.-Col. W. B. Du Pre, and the other of Miss D. D. Steel, and what amazes me is that both these famous players are smiling! Long ago when I played this game I never smiled, for all my worst passions were aroused. I regarded my opponent for the time being with a deadly loathing, and it was all I could do to refrain from using my mallet as a battle-axe, feeling much more inclined to crack a skull than hit a croquet ball whenever I went to do battle among the hoops.

WHY croquet is to me, and many others, so aggravating I do not know. Most people can take a beating at billiards, lawn tennis, squash, or even golf, and grin appreciatively at being beaten, but at croquet——! Surely the noble army of croquet players must be the best-tempered people in the world. His Majesty's well-known benignity is once more revealed in that he has accepted a copy of this book!

By Edna Clayton

BILLY BENNETT

"Almost a gentleman," but quite a comedian. A great favourite of the Halls and Cabaret, his mock serious recitations, with their broad English humour, are a joy for ever

BY CHICOT

"Such a quaint thing happened to my mother in Paris!"
"Really? I thought you were born in London!"

FILM NOTES

An incident from "Behind That Curtain," the talkie "thriller," recently presented at the New Gallery. Lois Moran and Warner Baxter are seen outside a tent in the Persian Desert, where part of the action of of the film takes place

TEARS AND TRIALS

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

"Madame X," at the Empire

LET us for once at least be frank and admit that the great film public is becoming thoroughly bored and satiated by that inevitable murder-trial which has now become the customary *dénouement* for quite four films out of six. "The Ware Case," "On Trial," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Canary Murder Case," and now "Madame X"! I suppose, however, that "Madame X" was quite inevitable. The pity is that it comes after a series of such heart-rending speeches for the defence and appeals to the jury that somehow it isn't quite the harrowing, agonising business it must have been when Pauline Frederick first brought it to the screen.

"MADAME X," however, is cunningly-contrived old-fashioned melodrama of a fairly good type. Excellently described by one of my colleagues as a "Gallic East Lynne," the story relates the downfall and degradation of a weak, gentle woman who is turned out of her house by a husband with a heart of granite. Jacqueline ran away with her lover, and then, when this protector died and she learned that her small son was dangerously ill, she came creeping back to her home, where she implored her husband to let her see the child. He refused, and sent her away, broken-hearted and penniless. The result, of course, was that Jacqueline drifted lower and lower, wandering about the Orient with one ruffian after another until chance brought her back to her native land, a draggled, debauched woman with an inordinate passion for absinthe. She there fell in with a blackmailer who learned her true identity, and instantly decided to bleed her husband, an eminent judge. And Madame X, roused to a fury of shame, shot the blackmailer dead, afterwards refusing to admit her motive.

OF course she is defended by her young son, who has been brought up to think of his mother as dead, and of course she is recognised in court by her husband, who keeps silent for the boy's sake. And then, while they are awaiting the verdict, Madame X, after embracing her young counsel in true Gallic fashion, suddenly topples over dead in her chair, a victim, one supposes, of absinthe and dope and starvation. And the son, who is never, presumably, to learn the truth, whispers to his father that he felt mysteriously

Lois Moran and Warner Baxter, who play the lovers in the Fox Movietone production of "Behind That Curtain"

WHEN ABSINTHE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER

drawn towards her from the first.

MANY people will be curious to know whether the performance of Ruth Chatterton surpasses that of Pauline Frederick. Well, it doesn't; although it is the good, honest, theatrical kind of performance that one would expect from Miss Chatterton. Miss Frederick, however, has made the part of Jacqueline peculiarly her own, and by playing it in exactly the right mood of husky and passionate sincerity, she has succeeded in creating, amidst all the sham blood and thunder of this tawdry story, a dark and tragic figure immeasurably superior in dramatic intensity to anything the author can possibly have imagined for himself.

MISS CHATTERTON is not sincere enough. She gives the impression of one who is acting competently all the time and is, furthermore, extremely affected in the earlier scenes. Later, when the woman has degenerated into a maudlin slattern, Miss Chatterton is very good, and as the wreck of the closing scenes she is excellent, but Miss Frederick always had command of the situation from the first. What is more, she was wont to tipple absinthe with all the nonchalance of an expert. whereas Miss Chatterton gulps it down as though it were afternoon tea which, being too hot, may at any moment scald her throat. And I am quite sure that this is not the way in which your true absinthe hound sets about the business.

LEWIS STONE, as Jacqueline's husband, is suitably dour and hard, and his voice records well. Raymond Hackett is altogether too emotional as the son, and Holmes Herbert, as Jacqueline's old love, is definitely uninteresting. John P. Edington, in the tiny part of a doctor, gave almost the best performance of the evening. In summing-up the case, I may say that I found this old melodrama full of interest and at times extremely moving. But I am frankly incapable of sitting through another movie trial. E. S.

MARION NIXON

The pretty young film actress who plays the leading part in the new Paramount talkie, "The Rainbow Man." This film follows "Blackmail" at the Capitol

GLORIA SWANSON

The famous screen star, who is at present in Paris with her husband, Comte de la Falaise She will be seen in her first talkie, "The Trespasser," a United Artists' picture to be shown at the New Gallery in the near future

Gilbert Emery and Peter Gawthorne in another scene from "Behind That Curtain." Both these actors are Englishmen

"Behind That Curtain," at the New Gallery

THIS tale begins like an ordinary detective story and ends with the romance of Eve Durand (Lois Moran) and the explorer who loved her, though she had married a murderer. As murder is not a ground of divorce nothing but the death of her villainous husband, which occurs by the gun of the tactful detective Chan, can unite them. It has its action in London, the Afghanistan hills, Teheran, and finally San Francisco. Warner Baxter is good, but it is Gilbert Emery, as the superior retired military man detective, Sir Frederic Bruce, whose acting is outstanding.

BY VERNON WARD

"DEAD SLOW: LIGHT CRAFT IN OFFING"

Our artist's interpretation of the nautical term

DEAUVILLE DEVOTEES F

Mundo's impressions of some of Deauville's best-known visitors. His victims, reading from left to right, are Baron and Baroness Schroe who is as well known at the tables as his cars are on the road, is chatting with the Maharaja of Kapurthala, Mr. R. Macomber Wall, complete with cigar and brown chow; behind whom are seen Mr. Clement Hobson and the Hon. Mrs. Esmon

POTTED ON THE PLAGE

hroeders ; behind whom is seen the Comte de Mardre. M. R. Lazare is talking horses with the Aga Khan ; and M. André Citroen. ıber and Mr. James Hennessy. Next to them Mr. Solly Joel, complete with cigar and yachting cap, exchanges greetings with Mr. Berry mond Harmsworth. On the right, Mr. H. Letelier is seen getting a few hints on Modern Art from M. Van Dongen

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

AN IMMORAL BUSINESS

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER

Illustrated by NICK

"MEN," said the kind friend to Mrs. Frewendale, "keep young so much longer than we do!" And then the kind friend sighed, and Mrs. Frewendale sighed and smiled and felt as if little devils were tearing at her with frozen nails. For Mrs. Frewendale was forty-nine, and a blonde, and chance had arranged that she should be fat. "Life," said the kind friend (who had a reputation for human sympathy to keep up), "Life is unkind to us women!" She was forty-five and slim and very well pleased with all manner of things. Moreover, she made statements as above and, by sheer good luck, had never met anyone with sufficient nerve to damn her eyes. So Mrs. Frewendale sighed again, for there could be no doubt (not that all the icy nails of the little devils in Hell would ever make one admit it)—still, there could be no doubt that Henry was bored with her. The kind friend, who was noted for human sympathy, knew, of course, that Henry was bored with Mrs. Frewendale, and that Mrs. Frewendale was fat, and she was enjoying herself immensely. "Men," she began again, "demand either that things should be always as they were or else that there should be a succession of new things." Wherein there lay a certain modicum of truth which stimulated the little devils to frantic exertion, as the kind friend knew it would. And so, judging that in all probability she would be unable to improve on this, ten minutes later she left, after which, having seen the kind friend into the street with the brightest of smiles, Mrs. Frewendale returned to the drawing-room and dropped tears on the last cold muffin in the bowl. The tears stood up like blisters on the greasy surface.

HALF an hour later, hearing Henry's key in the lock, she quickly gathered together the necessary tools, and, dabbing frantically at her face, prepared to start the fight again. Henry, the moment he came in, noticed that she had been crying. But he did not, as even ten years earlier he certainly would have done, call attention to it. That would involve talk and possibly more tears, and, anyway, if it was anything of importance he'd know soon enough. For all that, being a gentleman of sensibility, Henry kicked himself mentally for funking the thing.

"Hullo," he said, with a look at the table. "Someone been into tea?"

"Daisy Wilcox," answered Mrs. Frewendale. A kind of dull snort issued from Henry.

"Can't think what you can see in her!" he muttered.

"I don't see anything in her," retorted his wife, "but I've known her twenty years and I don't see how I can drop her."

More lack of courage, reflected her husband. They were both cowards. He wondered, for a moment, whether a real he-man would say at once, "My dear, I'm bored with you, I'm tired of you. You irritate me and I should be happier without you." And then just wait and see what happened. What would happen? He thought of everything. And the whole thing boiled down to more tears. And that was hateful. Besides, it would be cruel, and Henry was not a cruel man. Instead of anything of the kind, he kissed her and reflected that she seemed to get fatter every day. How did women expect to keep up romance, especially when they knew that you knew that they rubbed themselves all over with an infernal rubber rolling-pin every morning?

"Well, Ethel, my dear," he said, "I've got some letters I ought to write!"

"So have I," she answered. It had long become the formula which expressed a disinclination to remain together. They sat in different rooms until dinner. She reflected desperately on the shame of a woman who loses her husband, how at all costs he must be kept under the roof. He, kicking irritably at the fender-rail, longed to fall in love. That was, he told himself, his real trouble. He was a romantic man. To be in love was necessary to him. Unfortunately there was, at the moment, no woman. . . . In the clouds of his tobacco smoke he wove a picture of one, the woman he would woo, who would at last yield to him, and for whose sake he would be man enough to be cruel to Ethel once and for all. He saw the woman plainly enough. Tall she was, but not too tall, slim as a boy and with golden curly hair and blue eyes—no, grey eyes—those warm and truthful grey eyes. Just the kind of ideal lady who appears in the tobacco smoke of every man of fifty-four. Not that Henry put it that way to himself. He took it seriously. He told himself that if he met that girl he would sweep her off her feet. That that was what it must come to in the end. For he did, genuinely and desperately, feel the need of being in love. At dinner he was silent, or, when he answered Ethel, distracted, for his mind was occupied with the girl with grey eyes.

AND it was from this point the real torture of Mrs. Frewendale started. She guessed his trouble, of course. But, womanlike, she doubled her miseries, for she took it for granted that it was no dream that occupied him. Henry was in love, Henry was the victim of some painted harpy, Henry was on the point of leaving her. And what could she do about it? The shame was upon her, its menacing shadow over her head. Thus she could confide in no one. It must be a lonely battle. She studied the ladies in novels who found themselves in this predicament. But they had an author to help them: an author who made them say such wonderful things—things she could never hope to think of. No. She could only wait and—despicable thought—watch. Perhaps he would give himself away. A letter—a telephone message—surely Providence would give her some clue to this woman who menaced her happiness. But it was not really happiness she was thinking of: it was prestige.

Henry found her more and more of a bore. Not unnaturally perhaps, as, these days, she had but one idea. He had no suspicion of her condition. Just as he had noted that she was becoming fatter, so he noted now, without resentment, that she was becoming more of a bore. It appeared to him, since she did not seem any more interested in himself than he in her, that he was merely wasting his life. Wasting his life, at fifty-four, when somewhere or other was a grey-eyed girl with golden curls waiting to be rushed off her feet! It was maddening. Dinner became almost a silent meal.

"Let me give you a little more shepherd's pie, dear?" he would say, which, being interpreted, would mean, "I wonder why on earth I married you!"

And she would answer, "Well, just a suspicion, darling." Which meant, "One of these days I shall know—know for certain!"

That kind of atmosphere gets into the very bricks of a house and, as the stuffy London summer dragged on, things came to the pitch where both loathed the very chairs they sat upon.

About the time of the August holiday, Pallant—Henry's partner in business—invited him to spend a day up the river. "Just lazing, you know, old man. Our punting days are over, eh? But I daresay we can manage to paddle a few hundred yards!"

Henry accepted. What more fitting to his mood than to laze upon the romantic river and make pictures in the smoke

(All rights strictly reserved)

again. He didn't quite like Pallant's reference to his punting days being over, but he made no comment.

"Taking a day up the river on Saturday," he said casually to Ethel, and then, in a panic that Ethel might suggest coming, too, added quickly, "A day with Pallant—you don't care much for Pallant, do you?"

Ethel replied that she had always thought Pallant vulgar! So she had. She had once seen him in plus-fours of a rather lighter shade than she considered suitable to his years. That had been enough. Some women are like that. Henry, for the first time, was thankful that Ethel disliked Pallant. He went upstairs whistling. White flannels or grey, that was the only question. White, why not? God knew his opportunities for white flannels were few and far between.

Now Ethel, poor soul, was so far gone in her misery that she had only to hear him whistling on the stairs to have all the little devils lashing at her more vigorously than ever. Why was he whistling? He hadn't whistled for months. The river. The tempting, passionate river—its solitude—its lonely reaches. Was he going with Pallant? The very suspicion made it impossible for poor Ethel to have a moment's peace of mind. At last so tortured was she that she rang up Mrs. Pallant—with whom she had not communicated for years—and, assuming a bright and girlish manner, suggested that, "as their men were going to enjoy themselves on the river, might not the women have a little tea-party to themselves?" She waited breathlessly for the reply. Mrs. Pallant would be delighted. Then Henry hadn't lied: not this time. The discovery had cost the intolerable tedium of Mrs. Pallant's company and the dissection of Mrs. Pallant's health, but it was worth it.

The day dawned, dawned fine, by the grace of God, and Henry travelled down to Sonning, where he was to meet Pallant. As he stepped on to the sunny landing-stage he was filled with a great sense of thanksgiving—of thanksgiving that he had chosen his white flannels. For there, standing by Pallant's side, in something white and soft, with a jade-green hat and a jade-green sunshade, stood the girl with the trustful grey eyes and the golden curls! That she was introduced to him fifteen seconds later as Pallant's niece was beside the point. She was not, she could not be anything so gross and material as Pallant's niece, nor any relation of Pallant's whatever. She was, beyond any manner of doubt, the vision of the smoke clouds, and she was going on the river with Henry. True, Pallant would be there—but only in the flesh.

Said Pallant, laughingly, "I needn't have been so diffident about the punting, old man. Barbara punts like an angel!"

"I'm not going to punt two able-bodied men about all day!" she laughed. Able-bodied. Henry hugged the word to himself. The girl with the grey eyes and golden curls regarded him as able-bodied. . . .

Gorgeous! That was the only word which could describe those three hours in a punt. Gorgeous! It wasn't that she said anything particularly wonderful. Somehow they never do, those splendid blondes. But he never guessed that she was hopelessly, abysmally, stupid. How should he? This was the lady he had seen in smoke clouds for weeks and weeks. She started with the grand advantage of divinity. They drifted about, had tea, and smoked. Henry supposed Pallant must have spoken at intervals. If so, he never heard him. Perhaps Barbara spoke, too. Henry hardly heard her. He arrived back at the landing-stage seeing visions, and it was only when he felt her hand in his and heard her voice saying "Good night" that he realised that he would never know where to find her again. Moreover, that there was no feasible way of finding out. A man of fifty cannot ask an uncle for his niece's address. The uncle, undoubtedly, would take a gloomy view. So Henry and Pallant travelled back to London, and Henry agreed in the third smoker that the day on the river had probably done them a world of good. From the terminus he took a taxi to the road off Baker Street where he had a flat. And there—because Ethel had been on the rack all day and suffered, in addition, the health of Mrs. Pallant, he found a storm that had brewed and was ripe. No need to put down the dialogue of it. She accused him of nothing. She told him so repeatedly. She merely pointed out that he had failed her in every respect; that her life was a misery, and that she wished she could die. To Henry the whole scene was merely irritatingly trivial—he wanted to continue to dream. He said: "You're a fool. You don't know what you're talking about." And a little later on he said: "You must be ill; you're hysterical." But he said both

"He stood there

without conviction. He wasn't really thinking about it. And Ethel went to bed that night with a wretched conviction that the scene had been a great mistake—that it had "put him on his guard."

At the office Henry looked upon Pallant with unreasonable hatred and wrath. He regarded him, in some inverted way, as standing between himself and his divinity. It was torture now, to know that the girl of the smoke existed and was unattainable. Still to have to feed himself upon reminiscence and imagination. He kept on conjuring her up before him, materialising for himself her eyes, the particular sweep of her curls, the turn of her lips, but never, by some baffling trick of the mind, getting the complete satisfaction of the whole picture. The affair became an obsession with him. He could hardly look at Pallant and keep the loathing out of his face. And then, by chance, an absurd thing happened which made matters easier.

IT was Henry's habit, when returning from the office, to take an omnibus as far as Oxford Circus, and then walk, by a route of his own, to his flat near Baker Street. He liked to imagine that he was taking exercise. This route took him up the side of Marshall and Snelgrove's and so to Wigmore Street. One afternoon, as he walked slowly past the windows of the great shop, chasing his fragmentary visions, he suddenly halted and stood, as if all at once deprived of the power of locomotion, staring straight in front of him. There, smiling right into his face, was the girl with the grey eyes and the golden curls. Line for line, curve for curve, she was the same. It is true that she was sitting, one exquisite leg thrown carelessly across the other, upon a gilt chair, wearing a very lovely evening cloak and, apparently, no underclothes. True, also, that she was made of wax. But here at last was the necessary complete picture, the thing, so much more real than a mere photograph, which would save Henry the perpetual wear and tear of trying to piece the picture together. Less prejudiced persons might have thought the face insipid, the eyes with their long lashes singularly dead, the smile an irritating simper. But to Henry it was a picture sent direct from Heaven. He stood there for many minutes, entranced. He never even thought that passers-by might imagine it queer, even a little comic, that a middle-aged man should stand spell-bound before a wax mannequin. And, as a matter of fact, nobody did. It is one of the advantages of living in a great city that nobody notices anything. At last Henry realised that he must move. With a kind of jerk he pulled himself together and walked on. But it was ecstasy! Every evening he had this to look forward to, unless—frightful thought—they moved her from the window! But why should they? They would dress her differently from time to time, but that was only an added thrill. How marvellous, if by chance she should do them the honour of advertising the latest river costumes! How stupendous were she to appear to him one day in a white soft frock and a jade-green hat. . . .

for many minutes, entranced

AND that was why a normally maddeningly punctual man began to be late home from the office. Only twenty minutes, or at the most half an hour, but there it was, and it did not escape Ethel. "This," she told herself, "was the beginning of the end." She used phrases like that. They came the most easily to her. Henry told her, of course, that there was an extra pressure of business And (because it might "put him on his guard") she pretended to believe him. But one afternoon she rang up the office and found that he had left. And again he was twenty-seven minutes fifty-one seconds late; Ethel had an accurate mind. Those minutes, then, he had spent

(Continued on page 523

DOES PARIS LEAD?

Many exquisite trousseaux have been chosen in Marguerite's charming salon above Atkinson's, in Bond Street. She has an instinctive appreciation of line and colour

"English women should wear English clothes," says Isobel, who employs a British staff, and designs every one of the beautiful models shown in her spacious black marble and silver salons in Regent Street

Captain Ulick Brown is the presiding genius of Ulick, Ltd., in New Burlington Street. Many Americans are coming over to London to see the tweeds and leather coats which he has designed for the coming season

Crissy Bell, who will always be remembered as one of the most charming of Gaiety heroines, is winning fresh laurels in the realms of art, for at 19, Conduit Street she makes a specialité of sports clothes and fur coats

BRITISH DESIGNERS' CHALLENGE to FRANCE

NOTICE: Next week Miss Blanche Elliott, well known in London, Paris and New York, will begin an illustrated exclusive series of articles on the latest Paris Fashions

To storm the very citadel of Fashion requires courage and brilliance. These attributes may be claimed by Norman Hartnell, of 10, Bruton Street, the youngest of our dress designers, who is at present visiting his salons in Paris, where he is showing his autumn models. He dresses some of the loveliest women in London

Christabel Russell whole-heartedly approves of the trend of the new styles, and that she finds them a source of happy inspiration is evidenced by the charming models she is showing at 1, Curzon Street. She is an ardent horsewoman and a recognised authority on riding habits

The very attractive lady on the left is Madame Idare, who has dressed so many outstandingly successful theatrical productions. She is vacating her salons at the end of this month for more spacious ones at 20, Upper Grosvenor Street

In the year 1887 a young corsetière started a modest business in Bond Street. Her venture prospered, and now, as Madame Hayward, of 64, New Bond Street, she is famous for her skill as a dress designer and a leader of Fashion

PARIS GOSSIP

"LE MARIAGE DE FIGARO"

By SYLVIA LYON

"The fields of literature and art"

FRANÇOIS COTY, the *parfumeur* and owner of *Figaro* and *L'Ami du Peuple*, was recently married. François Coty, the *parfumeur*, really is, with André Citroën, one of the few interesting men in France outside of the Arts. When you leave the fields of literature and art there are no outstanding personalities, no striking figures in the shipbuilding, industrial or financial worlds. Even the politicians, with the exception of Clemenceau, lack colour, although, of course, there is Philippe Berthelot; but then he is a diplomat, the Secretary-General for Foreign Affairs, and the brother of Daniel Berthelot who discovered the violet ray. But there is one brilliant clerical figure in France: the Abbé Mugnier. He is considered the wittiest man in Paris. He has luncheon and dinner invitations months in advance. Exceptionally human, he has become impatient with the ultra-Catholic statements of Paul Bourget, the author of *Cosmopolis*, *Le Disciple*, etc. "Mon cher Bourget," he said, right out, at a party, "I possess two *soutanes*. May I offer one of them to you?"

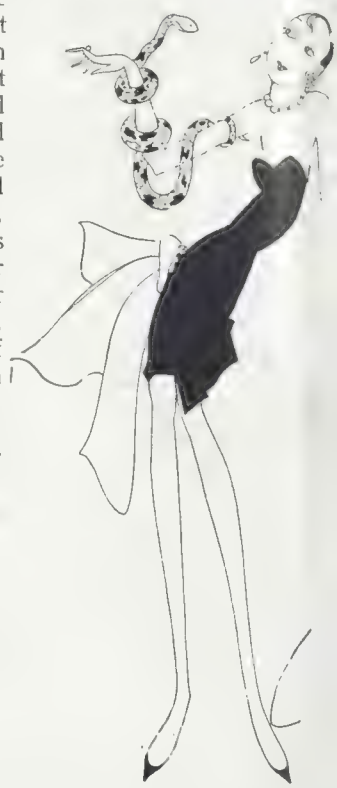
I WAS complaining of this lack of non-artistic personalities (it is only the women in Paris who are interesting) to Alfred Savoir. I was lunching with him before he dashed off to Le Touquet to show the manuscript of a new play to Gilbert Miller. "There is one over there," he said, "the man next the window with his wife and son." "My God! he's good-looking," I said. "Yes," agreed Savoir. He is Serge André, the biggest oil *industriel* in France. You should see him in the evening. He wears 1830 hats, and a romantic cloak. He wanted to introduce Fascism into this country, starting with his own employees. For that purpose he took over a factory and produced thousands of black shirts. But nothing remains of the idea," laughed Savoir, "except the shirts."

SHUTTERS are up on nearly all the small shops in the residential quarters. The French take so seriously their yearly house-cleaning and vacations. But I just learned that this double event extends even to hospitals. Yes, sir, the entire staffs of some hospitals go *en vacance*. A friend of mine, whose cook's little boy became violently ill, enjoying everything in the grounds of their country place, from eating green fruit to drinking water out of the fish-pond, sent the child into town to a hospital. The little boy had acquired typhoid and appendicitis. "We can take him in," the hospital head said, "until August the fifteenth. The painters will then come in, the staff will go off on their vacations, and the patients will be transferred to other hospitals."

Engadin Press

The King of Sweden, chatting with Sir Arthur Crosfield and Signorina Valesio, the Italian lawn tennis star, at St. Moritz. His Majesty left here recently owing to the illness of the Queen of Sweden

THE American plays, *Front Page* and *Burlesque*, will shortly be seen in French. The casts have not yet been selected, but the plays will be produced by Camille Wyn and Jane Marnac, the actress who last year married Major Keith Trevor, the head of the French Photomaton Company. The lovely Jane Renouardt, who was the first woman in Paris to acquire permanent artificial sunburn, will shortly appear in *Arthur*, a new musical comedy by André Bardé



"It is only the women in

Illustrated by KIPPA

and Henri Christine at her own theatre, the Danou. With the Guitry following, the Danou always gets the most *chic* audiences in Paris.

S

SEVERAL times a year I lose a few steps in the rue Royale, and then I go upstairs and lose a few heart-beats *chez* Molyneux. The entire place is delicately perfumed, one of the most dangerous anæsthetics I know of. Molyneux's winter collection shows, thank God! a waistline at just the right spot: not too high to be annoyingly new, and not too low to be old. Belts on nearly everything, emphasised by horizontal lines to the hips, and then perpendicular pleats. The eternally smart and flattering belted tunic is back again, now used for evening gowns, which, midway between the hip and the knee, breaks into ruffles of tulle descending to the floor. The tulle is formed in panels, which do not cover the back of the skirt, but are divided and flat down each leg. The dresses are satin, broché, or velvet *frappe*. Every colour, dark or pale, and colour creeping into the new jerseys which are called tweed jerseys, the texture of the latter and the colourings of the former. Molyneux's best afternoon costume is black *lainage*, with a sleeveless dress that falls into wide box-pleats half-way above the knee. The accompanying jacket is bloused in back, rising forward and tying in a bow. The jacket, which is widely open in front, is bordered with a narrow band of breitschwanz.

S

THE best costume in Agnès' collection is black panne velvet with white polka dots. The threequarter coat is trimmed with black fox, and is slightly draped in back, the bottom of the jacket being cut in three with wide curves which are gathered up and forward in a drape. S. L.

Paris who are interesting"

Miss Ivy Tresmand, the charming young musical comedy star who will be the leading lady in "Follow Through." This will be seen at the new Dominion Theatre which is in Tottenham Court Road at the corner of New Oxford Street

BY S. C. MARTIN

"If your Mamma and I get divorced, which one of us will you stay with?"
"Which one's going to keep the car?"

"Go West, Young Man, Go West"

"Evelyn Laye is the latest one to go"

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

I WONDER if there will be any English actors and actresses left in London soon.

Evelyn Laye is the latest one to go. They offered her a fortune to appear on the talkies, and—work is scarce here, even for people like her—she could not very well refuse. They asked her to act the Peggy Wood part in *Bitter Sweet* in New York, and even if she turns that down there is possibly £600 a week waiting for her in something else. They have made her offers before, for America has no actress who can sing, dance and act — and look beautiful.

Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence spend nearly all their lives over in New York now, earning much more money than they could find in London. There are always the talkies "on the side" you know.

I remember a week or two before she left with the first Charlot revue, Gertrude Lawrence being seated in the Savoy Hotel arguing with an American manager what the cost of her daily life there would be. Little did she dream that, within a few weeks after leaving London, she would be a big star on Broadway, offered so much money that it was not worth her time to return except for a holiday and a show here, "just to fill in."

Beatrice Lillie would earn in London, at the most, £250 a week. New York pays her £600 or £700 a week, and she finds around her there much more fuss than she ever had made on this side.

I REMEMBER, early in the War, being told for the first time about Charlie Chaplin—I mean as a comedian on the screen. After describing to me how "Charlie" was making all the children in the Edgware Road roar with laughter, poor Tommy Dawe sent him a cable offering him £150 a week to appear in an English revue.

Back came the answer in a day or two.

"I have just signed a movie contract which makes even your generous offer seem trifling," replied Charlie.

He had just tapped a real gush of oil; it has been flowing ever since, so much that, now and then, it has seemed as though it would drown him.

CAN you wonder that all the P. G. Wodehouses, and Guy Boltons and George Arlisses go across the Atlantic?

I remember seeing George Arliss act for the last time in England, the week before he left with Mrs. Patrick Campbell to tour the United States in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Over here he was what is called a "capable actor." There—well, except for one season in *The Green Goddess* he has never come back, except for a holiday, although he still keeps a flat going in Maida Vale and a cottage at St. Margaret's.

George Arliss must be nearly a millionaire. He is certainly one of the richest of all the actors in America. He has scarcely had a failure since he went over, and he has invested it all with a care which luck has rewarded. He is one of the few stars who can consistently crowd the theatre in any one of the big American cities. Everywhere he goes he spreads humanitarian ideas, for he is a great idealist.

P. G. WODEHOUSE used to earn a few guineas a week in London writing turnovers for the old Globe. New York has showered its treasures upon him, given him a fabulous income and abiding popularity, found more highly-paid work for him than he has time to do.

Guy Bolton, failing to sell *Rio Rita* here, took it to America. He and Fred Thompson and Clifford Grey have all made fortunes on the other side, dressing up shows.

James Whale, lunching with me not many months ago, told me he was sorry the War was over. He had enjoyed it, by comparison. He was earning about £10 a week, £20 when he was lucky, getting a job at production now and then, but thought little of, except by a few discerning people like myself. Then *Journey's End* took him to New York, where he found £200 a week waiting for him as a producer of talkies, and all the work he wants on the stage—if he has time to do any. Reginald Denham may be the next to go. *Rope* has put him on the map.

Edward Royce did not earn big money until he went to New York, where he invented scores of the tricks of modern American musical comedy and produced show after show. R. H. Burnside was a call-boy over here. Fortune waited for him on the other side, where I have seen, in the New York Hippodrome, vast spectacles which he has staged.

YES, there are scores of men like that, some of them thought American because they have lived there so long. People never ask for their passports, and do not notice their accents.

Here in London an actor has to wait and wait, discouraged, discredited. He just kicks around. In New York one good part often establishes him on the road to fortune.

Yet people forget most of it all was invented in England. The large-scale

BRITISH TALENT GOES A-BEGGING IN ENGLAND

melodrama was Arthur Collins's creation at Drury Lane. Musical comedy was invented by George Edwardes. Modern comic opera still bears the hall-mark of Gilbert and Sullivan, who still have no equals anywhere in the world, although they have been dead for years.

Only managers are lacking to-day. I saw, one night at the Vaudeville, some English stage settings by a man, himself unknown, but the bearer of a proud name and a high tradition. It was young Laurence Irving, who staged a ballet in a Vaudeville revue with a grace and a charm and a polish seldom seen in London. No, nobody wanted him, although he was an Irving, and a grandson of the most distinguished actor of our time. It was Douglas Fairbanks who had to send for him to give him work in Hollywood.

"Here an actor has to wait and wait, discouraged, discredited. He just kicks around"

Of course, Bobbie Howes will have to go, because America can pay him twice as much. It is certainly true that, whereas when I first knew him five years ago he was earning only £10 a week, he has now risen to £250, New York has offered him more than twice as much as that.

The life of an artist is short, as a rule. He has to grab the money where he can.

Will Fyffe, in America, has every chance of exploiting his great abilities. Here, on the London music-hall stage, they cut down his time, and will not let him do his best number because it is three minutes too long, they say! In New York it earned him a column from the most cynical critic of vaudeville. Here it is still unknown.

The trick of staging melodramas has passed into the hands of Jed Harris and men of his kind, who refashion and remodel until the thing is perfect, just as Arthur Collins used to do. The trick of producing musical comedy has gone from the old Gaiety, pulled down now, to the theatres in which Arthur Hammerstein and Florenz Ziegfeld and the others slave all day and plan all night.

Without vision the theatre perishes, as do all things. Without courage no art can change its form. Without work you might just as well shut up your doors.

All the things we want to make a new theatre in England are waiting at our doors. Unless we grab them, before the American comes along and buys them in front of us, the theatre must die.

H. S.

Reginald Owen, Leslie Howard, Betty Schuster and Gertrude Lawrence being rehearsed by Gilbert Miller, the producer, in the American version of "By Candle Light," which has been written by P. G. Wodehouse. It was tried out for a week at Southampton before being produced in New York

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT——

THE reason that some rich people are stingy is also the reason they are rich.

* * *

"DOESN'T he ever take advice?"

"Occasionally, when nobody is looking!"

* * *

A MARRIED woman who recently shot a burglar disclaims any credit for bravery. She says she thought the intruder was her husband.

* * *

"WHAT is the most outstanding contribution that chemists have given to the world?"

"Blondes!"

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See that the name

Haig

is on the bottle and you can be easy in your mind about the quality.

For 301 years we have been making, blending and selling Scots Whisky.

Nobody can tell us anything that we do not know about it.

Nobody can make finer whisky than we make.

Nobody could be more painstaking in seeing that the finest quality goes into the Haig bottle.

Always say "Haig" and you will always be pleased.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 526)

a great violinist, you see. The boy is taken care of by a very nice woman, in whose house there is living—of all people—a cast-off " wife " of the boy's real father. And that is not the only coincidence. If the novel were meant to be a mere mystery yarn I should not mind half a dozen coincidences, but here they seem sadly out of place. And that is a pity, because the earlier years of Barney Godard (which is not his real name) are picturesquely described.

❋

THEN there is *Soldiers of Misfortune* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.*), the new romance by P. C. Wren. I call it a romance, though I believe it to be founded on fact. Yet somehow I cannot quite accept this boxing baronet who does not use his title and is so chivalrous that he will not always permit himself even to win a fight. True, I enjoyed reading his most unusual and sometimes exciting adventures—Major Wren can spin a very good yarn—but it all seems rather too ingenuous. And there is at no time that background of mysterious uncertainty which gave to *Beau Geste* one of its chief attractions.

❋

NOBODY admires Major Wren's earlier works more than I do, but although *Soldiers of Misfortune* will delight most boys and all lovers of boxing, although once again it shows what varied experiences its author has had, I cannot honestly say that it is worthy of the man who could write two such different books as *Beau Geste* and *The Young Stagers*.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

The Crying Pig Murder, by Victor Mac Clure, is published by Harrap's this month. Mr. MacClure brings out his novels at long intervals, and we are told the amount of work he puts into them is prodigious. His new book is a detective story, outstanding as much for its study in psychology of a rare criminal type as for the puzzling ingenuity of the plot. All the cards are laid on the table, and the reader is able to set his brains to the solution of the problem. It is not likely that he will fail to be surprised by the startling *dénouement*, which is nevertheless the perfectly logical outcome of the evidence presented.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle made an extended tour of Africa in the winter of 1928-1929, and in his new volume, *Our African Winter*, to be published shortly by Murray's, he gives the experiences which he and his family encountered during that trip. Sir Arthur visited Rhodesia, Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika. His main purpose was psychic research and exposition, but he deals with many other questions.

The Sherlock Holmes Long Stories, published by Murray's this week, contains the four novels concerning Sherlock Holmes, *A Study in Scarlet*, the first long story Sir Arthur Conan Doyle ever wrote; *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *The Sign of Four*, and *The Valley of Fear*. This new book, together with its recently issued companion, *The Complete Sherlock Holmes Short Stories*, comprises all the literature concerning Holmes.

We have just received *Eastwards*, by Mr. F. A. Hook, containing reminiscences of his many visits to the East. It is published by the Blue Peter Publishing Co.

ON the other hand, I consider that *The Waking Bird* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the best novel which Miss Barbara Goulden has so far written. Its story is unusual, but reads like the truth. Poor young Lou Ridley's slow disillusionment—he worships his mother—is most pathetically presented. It would have been easy to make him a bloodless, and even effeminate fellow; as it is, he will demand most people's sympathy. And his mother is no mere vamp of the films, but a real and understandable woman.

❋

MISS GOULDEN'S four other novels were all very cleverly written—perhaps a little too cleverly written for all tastes. *The Waking Bird* has their good qualities, but something else as well. It shows very genuine feeling. And, tragic though it may seem to be, it is never distressing. Lou has lost his mother, but there is the delicious Drusilla waiting for him, and that is just as it should be.

❋

London Rediscoveries and Some Others, by Mr. Walter G. Bell (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*), deals with no particular spot and no particular age. Its interests range from the Great Seal of William the Conqueror to Lady Jane Grey, Hoare's Bank, and the unpleasant Mr. Charles Peace. It has much to say about the opening of Royal tombs—a gruesome but undeniably exciting business—about Dick Whittington and Mr. Pepys and the Jerusalem Chamber. And Mr. Bell is no mere amateur; he really does know.

R. S.

AN IMMORAL BUSINESS (continued from page 517)

with his harpy. They became each day intolerable minutes, long stretches of red-hot agony. And then suddenly, in a flash, she saw what she would do. She knew the route by which he walked back from Oxford Circus. She would go to meet him. He wouldn't be there, of course. She would tell him that she had been to meet him, tell him quite nicely but with a touch of surprise that he had made a change in his habits. What would Henry do then? Tell a lie, naturally. She would be charming about that, too, and say that she'd come and meet him again to-morrow. What then, Henry? Her plan delighted her. It hardly seemed worth while to make the walk the first time, so certain was she that she would not meet him. But she went, all the same, from some muddled notion that she, at least, would not be the one to tell a lie in the business.

And, of course, there he was, staring into Marshall and Snelgrove's window. She stopped at once when she saw him. He stood immovable, purposeful. It was quite plain that this was no momentary pause to look at something which had caught his eye. Undoubtedly it was the meeting-place. This was where he met his harpy. Very well, she would wait. She did wait. She waited nearly a quarter of an hour, and Henry did not so much as turn his head. There was something odd here. Was he ill? His whole attitude, absorbed and motionless, was unnatural. Ethel's heart beat noisily, in a curious moment of fright. What was the matter with Henry? She moved slowly along the pavement until she was within five yards of him. Still he did not turn. Supposing he was ill? She found, curiously enough, that she couldn't bear to think of Henry being ill. As she stared at his unnaturally still back a host of recollections of nice things about Henry pranced through her brain. And then, moving a little, she caught a glimpse of his eyes, set, even strained, upon one object, and she turned her head to see what that object might be.

It was a mannequin, dressed for tennis. Grey eyes, she noted, curls.

And then Ethel's own eyes filled with tears, because she knew by what she called " woman's intuition " that she understood. She went gently up to him and slipped her arm under his, an action which might well have been misinterpreted, but Ethel did not care. She knew now! She knew! Darling Henry!

HE started at the touch, saw his wife and recovered himself. In silence they walked for fifty yards. Then she said:

" My darling—you just stare at her every day? "

" Ethel," he answered, " you cannot begin to understand——" But she interrupted him.

" I understand perfectly," she said, " I, too, think she's almost exactly like I used to look! " And then Henry, whose mouth was already open to speak, shut it firmly. " You wondered," went on Ethel, " as I have wondered, why we were losing touch with one another. You longed to see me as I used to be. You wanted something to—to cling to—to take you back to our romance. And I had thought—oh, Henry, how can I confess what I thought? "

" I don't want any confessions, dear," answered Henry. Wretched man, he actually felt magnanimous as he said it. He was even already beginning to imagine that that was what the whole thing had really been, an altogether praiseworthy attempt to recreate the thrill of his marriage.

" We're still like that inside, aren't we? " she whispered.

" Of course we are, darling," he answered, and she hugged his arm. He meant it, too.

Moreover, disgusting as it may appear, they lived happily ever after. An immoral business due to the vanity of woman and the opportunism of man. Because, of course, she had never been in the least like that, really.

J. H. T.

Three Ladies
world-famous for their Beauty and Talent

who are keeping their skin and complexion lovely by Pond's complete method of skin care. Follow their example thus:

Apply Pond's pure Cold Cream over the face, neck, hands and arms when you get up in the morning, when you retire at night, and on any occasion during the day when your skin feels in need of a thorough cleansing, particularly after long exposure to the open air.

Then wipe away the cream and the impurities that are brought out of your skin, with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues—ample in size, softer than fine linen, and wonderfully absorbent. Now for a bracing effect and to close the pores, use Pond's new Skin Freshener, a mild tonic astringent which invigorates and brings the natural colour to the skin.

As a finishing touch apply a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream to make the surface satin smooth and to form a base to which the powder will cling.

Over a hundred famous actresses have voluntarily and without remuneration, expressed their appreciation of Pond's specialities.

PHYLLIS DARE, one of England's most charming women and supreme in English comedy, says: "If most women would use *Pond's Cold Cream* regularly they would find that lines and hollows will fill out and natural curves will keep firm and rounded."

JUNE—lovely June—world-famous as the ideal type of English beauty says, "To keep the skin perfectly clear and fresh, you want a cleansing cream and also a cream that can be used in the daytime to prevent the skin getting dry or roughened by exposure. For cleansing I use *Pond's Cold Cream* and during the day I use *Pond's Vanishing Cream.*"

LILLIAN DAVIES, whose strikingly beautiful face and lovely voice have won her an assured position both in Britain and the United States, uses Pond's two Creams and says "Every time I wash my hands, after drying them I apply Pond's new Skin Freshener. It makes the hands feel delightfully cool and silky. I must add that *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* have considerably increased the pleasure I get in using their two wonderful creams."

A word or two in explanation of the way in which *Pond's Cold Cream* cleanses the skin will not be out of place. When the cream meets the warmth of your skin, the delicate oils of which it is formed are released and sink into the pores, soothing the skin and dissolving and easing to the surface all dust and impurities which have gathered beyond the reach of soap and water. It is then a simple matter to remove the soiled cream—with a *Pond's Cleansing Tissue*, which has many advantages over towels—leaving your skin perfectly clear of the slight greyish appearance which ordinary cleansing methods cannot remove.

If you are not already a user of these Pond's preparations, and would like to try their effect upon your own skin and complexion before buying a full quantity of each, send 1/- to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 624), 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1, for a package containing a sample of all four.

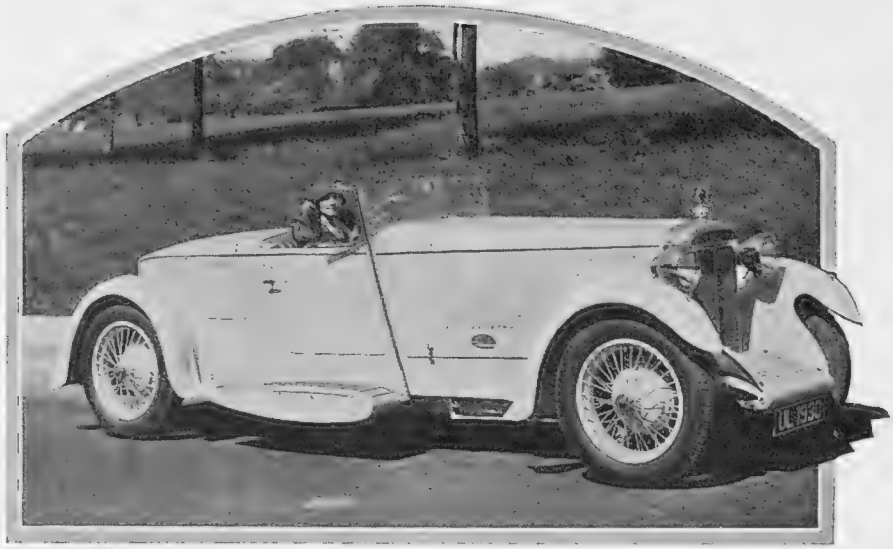
The samples are sufficient to show you how soft and smooth the Pond's method makes your skin, and how clear and colourful your complexion.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, Opal Jars 2/6 and 1/3, Tubes 1/- and 6d.
Pond's Cold Cream, Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3, Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.
Pond's Cleansing Tissues, per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.
Pond's Skin Freshener, per Bottle 5/6, 3/- and 1/-

MOTOR NOTES

MOTOR SPORT—FOR WOMEN ONLY

By E. M. WRIGHT



Mrs. Joseph A. Mackle at the wheel of her Daimler Six. The special two-seater body was designed by her husband, who is the Managing Director of Stratton-Instone Ltd., and carried out by Hoyal

DOES there still remain any sport or business which women have not invaded? Only those whose memories go back to the very earliest days of motoring can recall the time when the woman driver was *non est*, and though her debut on the racing track is still comparatively recent the woman racing driver has long ceased to be a seven days' wonder. At the risk of appearing ungallant, I might almost say she is a commonplace. A few brave spirits have held out against this invasion—among them the Motor Cycling Club; but of what avail is man's will when pitted against women's wiles? Those woman motorists who aspire to compete in the London-Exeter Trial have not taken their exclusion lying down; and now I hear they are to run a London-Exeter Trial of their own on October 4 and 5. Were I not too loyal a supporter of my own sex, I might say bravo! As it is, I suppose I am in honour bound to pour as much cold water as possible on the project!

***

BUT, prejudice apart, this new venture should prove an interesting event. It is the first to be arranged by the Women's Automobile and Sports Association, which has just been formed and of which great things are expected. About 200 women motorists and motor cyclists, it is said, will take part in the run, among them the eight ladies who last week competed in the International Six Days Trial. Three of these ladies, Miss Edyth Foley, Mrs. Louie McLean and Miss Marjorie Cottle, formed Great Britain's second team in the Trial. The conditions of the London-Exeter for women will closely follow those of an existing run under the auspices of the M.C.C. As at present arranged, the start will be from Slough and the finish at Basingstoke. But it is possible that the run will end at some spot nearer London. Brooklands has been suggested, but nothing definite has yet been fixed. Any car or motor cycle may compete, and many trophies will be awarded, according to class. A special novice's prize is also to be given.

***

MEMBERS of the motor section will be able to take part in national competitions that are being arranged in connection with flying, motoring, motor boating and sport generally. The motor section is affiliated to the R.A.C., and members will have the benefit of that organisation's general and road services at an annual subscription of £2 10s. for town members and 2 guineas for country members. This year's subscription, by the way, will be valid until the end of 1930, and no entrance fee will be asked of the first 3,000 members. The Association is not, however, devoted solely to motor sport. Membership is divided into two classes, motor and other sport. The former comprises all sports, while the latter is restricted to non-motoring sport, though I understand motor cyclists may join the sports club section, the subscription for which is lower than that for the motor section. The Grand Council includes representative members from every branch of women's sport, and the object of the promoters is to make the Association a general headquarters.

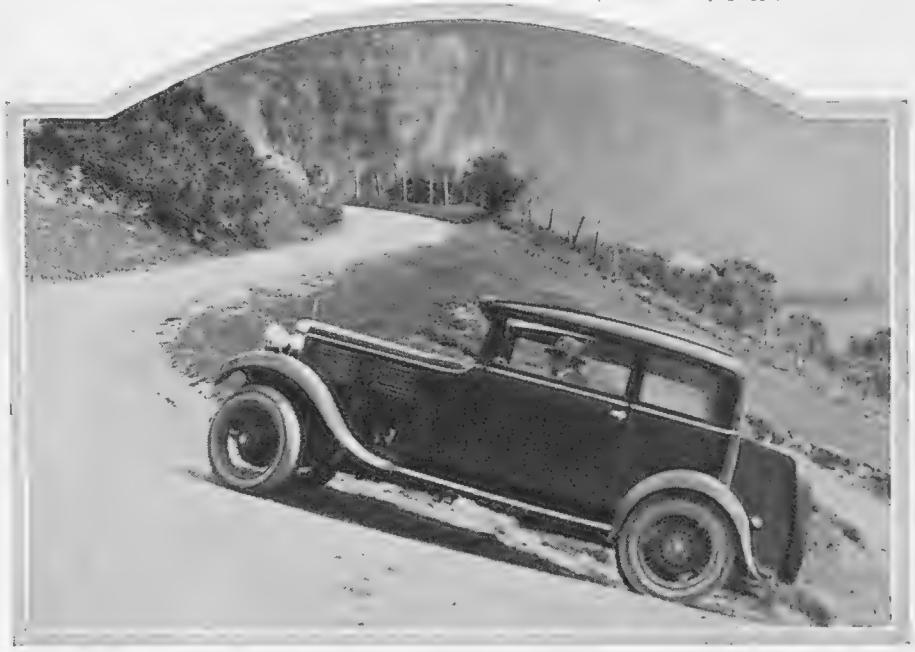
***

THE other day I visited the club-rooms, which are in St. Ermin's, Westminster. In addition to their own attractive rooms, members will enjoy special facilities at St. Ermin's, which, with its ballroom, lounges, dining-room, and private rooms, will provide them with all the conveniences and comforts of a well-appointed and luxurious club. The restaurant tariff and the charges for accommodation have been specially reduced for club members. Women, whether they are interested in motor sport or in sport of any kind, should certainly write to the club secretary, Mrs. Waldemar Leverton, at St. Ermin's, Westminster, S.W.1, for further particulars.

***

SPAIN, I hear, has attracted more motorists this year than hitherto.

(Continued on page 532)



Mr. A. H. Wilde, the Chief Engineer and Designer of the Standard Motor Co. Ltd., testing one of the latest 15 h.p. six-cylinder "Tourist" coupé models on Bwlch-y-Groes. This is a famous Welsh test hill and the gradient at the point seen above is one in four

The man
who could not
find a 'match'
for
WILLS'S
GOLD
FLAKE
CIGARETTES

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 530)

Some months ago Mr. Stenson Cooke, the energetic secretary of the Automobile Association, visited that country to investigate touring conditions, and while there had an exceptionally interesting interview with the Spanish Dictator, General Primo de Rivera. The A.A. having a membership of over 400,000 motorists is regarded as a potential source of tourists to the great exhibitions now being held at Barcelona and Seville. General Primo de Rivera received Mr. Stenson Cooke in company with M. Paul Duchaine, the Secretary-General of the International Touring Alliance, on which the A.A. is Britain's representative.

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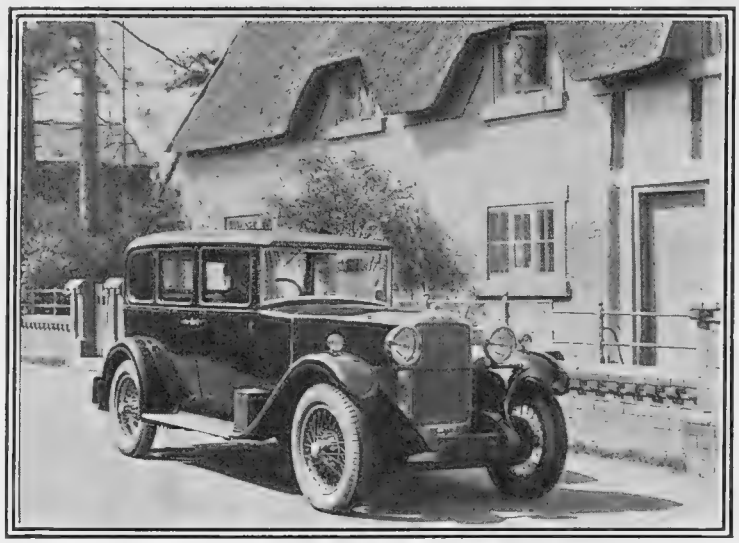


READY FOR THE ROAD *F. R. Logan*

One of the new Hillman Straight Eight Saloons off for a trial spin. It combines great speed with grace of line and smartness of appearance

He was determined, said the Dictator, to awaken interest in Spain as a touring ground for British motorists. They could rest assured that a special welcome awaited foreign motorists. Hotel prices had been strictly regulated, and immense sums expended on the highways. From the motorists' point of view, Spain's position was isolated, but thanks to the improvement of communication by land and sea, and the special facilities granted to motorists at the frontier, access nowadays was comparatively simple. Meanwhile, the A.A. states, the Italian authorities have removed the difficulties which hitherto existed with regard to the issue of temporary licences, registration, and international travelling passes to motorists landing with their cars at various Italian ports, thus obviating the exceedingly serious delay previously experienced.

***

It is always interesting to note the actual effect of usage on the brake horse power of an engine. In this connection the Armstrong Siddeley Motor Co., Ltd., recently carried out a test on an engine which had originally been bench tested. The engine had done 16,000 miles on the road without being decarbonised. After this very considerable mileage the power given off was found to be 10 per cent. greater under exactly the same circumstances as when the engine was passed for its bench tests before being installed in the chassis. Despite this large increase of power, the car was not appreciably faster at the end of its 16,000 miles than at the start, the maximum speed in both cases being about 68 m.p.h. E. M. W.

THIS WEEK'S HINT, No. 20: HELPING THE BRAKES

A good driver seldom needs to use his brakes at all, partly as a result of prevision, and partly because he uses the engine and possibly the gear box whenever possible to slow down the car. Not every type of engine is definitely helpful in this. Those with a light flywheel are most suitable, such as light sixes and nearly every American engine. When approaching a hill steep enough to require considerable braking, slow down and engage one of the lower ratios by means of double declutching. Close the throttle, but do not switch off the engine, as when the engine is used for a brake there is a tendency for oil to get to the cylinder head, and if not sparking the plugs may become fouled. For this reason an extra air inlet, a gadget which may be purchased for 35s., is very useful, for it not only helps to give the braking effect but prevents oil being sucked into the cylinder head.

30,000 MILES AT 61.5 M.P.H. ON BROOKLANDS TRACK

A TRIUMPH OF RELIABILITY & ENDURANCE

Miss Violet and Miss Evelyn Cordery have just brought their Invicta through this test, under R.A.C. observation, without renewal of screw or nut. The average petrol consumption was 18.47 M.P.G. over the whole distance, and the average oil consumption was at the rate of 894 M.P.G. including two complete changes of oil in the sump. This is yet another proof of the remarkable performance and endurance of the "Invicta."

Long chassis, 10' 6" wheelbase, 4' 8" track, £1050. Trial runs by appointment with the Invicta Car Sales Co 11 Albemarle Street, London, W1 Telephone: Regent 2608/9

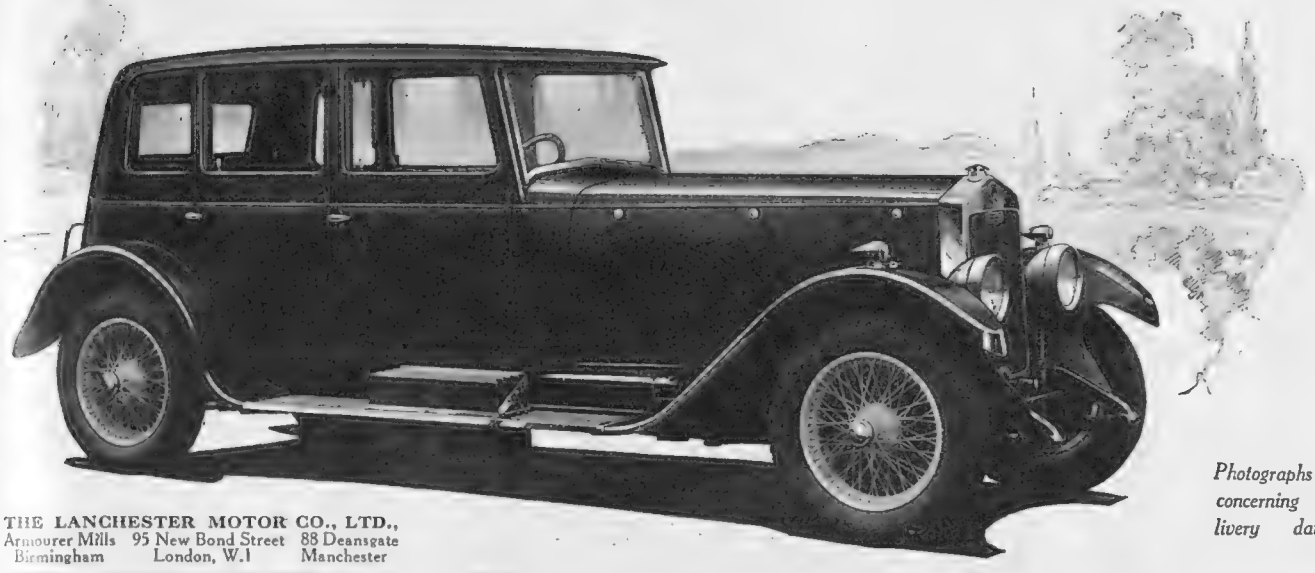
In so far as this advertisement refers to an R.A.C. official trial it has been approved by the R.A.C.

THE 4½-LITRE INVICTA

The Lanchester Straight Eight

The Greatest of all Lanchester Achievements.

STEADY and continuous development throughout many years has resulted in this latest and greatest Lanchester Achievement. It marks a forward step towards the ideal of all Motorists. Its exceptional acceleration, its smooth power on hills, its quiet top-gear running in traffic, and its powerful brakes—all these help to give a new conception of motoring as it should be. In a word, it is a car designed to fulfil the exacting demands of the modern owner-driver. An illustration gives but a slight impression of its beautiful lines; you must see it and drive it to fully appreciate the enormous difference in luxurious road travel made possible by its introduction. We shall be pleased to arrange a trial run—will you make an appointment?



Photographs and particulars concerning bodywork and delivery dates on request.

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD.,
Armourer Mills, Birmingham — 95 New Bond Street, London, W.1 — 88 Deansgate, Manchester

CAPTAIN BARNARD made his great Flight to INDIA and back on WAKEFIELD CASTROL MOTOR OIL

THE BRISTOL JUPITER ENGINE

of the Duchess of Bedford's Fokker Monoplane—"The Spider"—was lubricated with CASTROL during the whole of this record flight.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., WAKEFIELD, HOUSE, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2

MONEY DOESN'T MATTER!

Some women want pearls as a social signal — at the cost of a cool £1,000 or more. But most women want pearls simply for the peerless beauty of them—possessions to treasure not for the hundreds they cost but for the hundreds they please. And for such women there was created the first Ciro pearl—the first pearl made by man to catch and match the fine lustre, tone and irridescence of the sea pearl. If you want pearls for their own beauty's sake, the equal in appearance to pearls for which men dive and sometimes die; if you want pearls for the completing touch which they and no other gems can give—wear Ciro's.

A fine necklet of Ciro pearls, graded to perfection, costs but a guinea!

OUR UNIQUE OFFER. *One guinea brings you a 16" necklet of Ciro pearls, complete with gold clasp and case. Wear it for a fortnight and compare with real pearls. If you can detect any difference, your money shall be returned.*

Ciro Pearls

Send for Ciro Pearl and Jewellery Booklets No. 7 post free

CIRO PEARLS LTD., 178 REGENT STREET (DEPT. 7) & 48 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

CITY	MANCHESTER	LIVERPOOL	BIRMINGHAM	GLASGOW	EDINBURGH	BRISTOL	DUBLIN
120 Cheapside, E.C.	14 St. Ann's Sq.	25 Church St.	121 New St.	95 Buchanan St.	(Jenners)	(J. F. Taylor, Ltd.)	(Switzers)

LUNCHING ON THE MOORS

Sport and General

Members of Mr. J. G. Murray's party call a halt for luncheon on Culloden Moor, near Inverness. The portable huts seen above prove excellent as temporary buffets

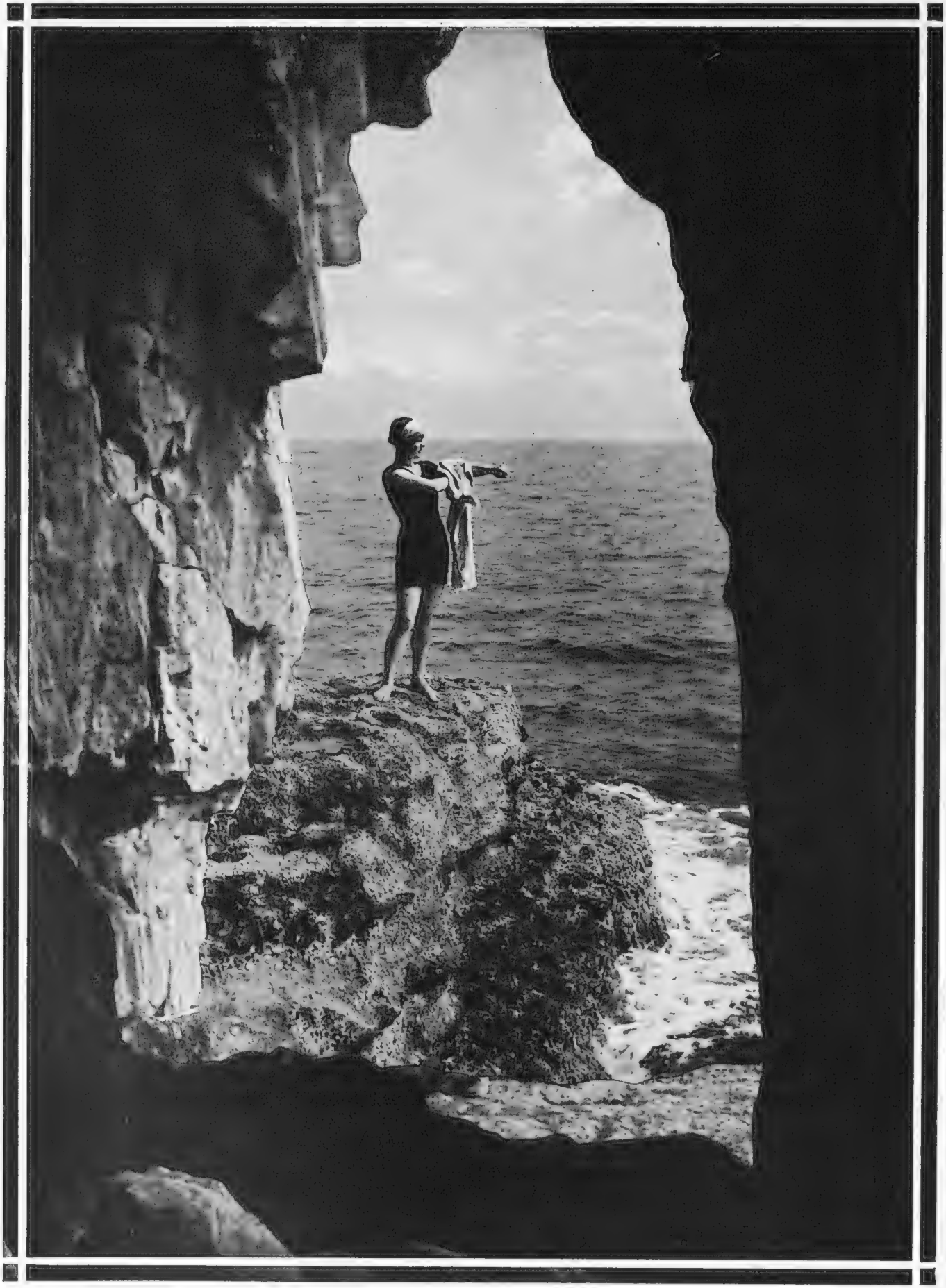
MAX BAKER'S WEEKLY SHOOTING NOTE

WALKING UP PARTRIDGES

THOSE who go out partridge walking need to remind themselves of a few simple rules which they know well enough but are inclined to break when distractions arise. The first, undoubtedly, is silence, and this includes the avoidance of all committee meetings whatsoever. Let there be a leader, do exactly what his actions indicate that he requires, above all, don't be inwardly critical when he has obviously made a mistake. Throw your eye constantly in his direction, curving, going easy and acting as pivot under the guidance of his hand-wave. The pace should be slow, motion as continuous as conditions permit and every piece of ground should be walked right up to the margin, the line being reformed at the fence—that is unless you fall back to walk the adjoining strip in the same direction. When a covey is flushed take the old ones first, but be careful to spare those swerving to the front of your neighbour. When birds have fallen in roots don't foul the ground by assisting the search: far better pass on and leave the handler of a good dog to do his work without handicap. Dead game carried by ignorant assistants lays many a false trail. Three rules: (1) Maintain correct distance apart. (2) Walk straight. (3) Doing 1 and 2 concentrate on the shooting.

Wide World

Lunch time during a shoot organised by the Earl of Ancaster on Glenartney Moors, near Drumwall Castle. A reminder of the Roman invasion still remains in the old bridge seen in the foreground



W. H. Nicholls

THE SEA MAIDEN

A young bather preparing to take a plunge into the far-from-troubled sea. The Tilly Whim Caves at Swanage provide a delightful setting to this picture of youthful grace

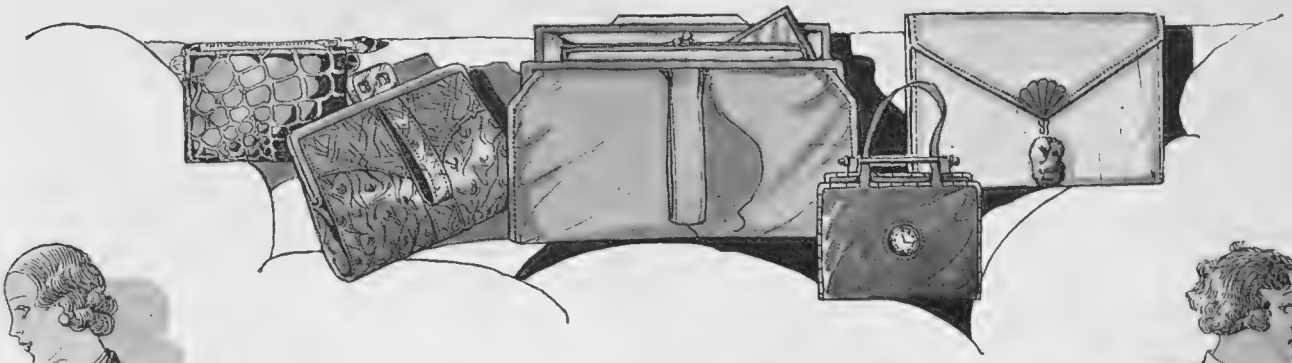
Fashions Fancies

TWO ASPECTS OF THE AUTUMN MODE

A loosely woven green and white tweed outfit with a straight long coat and a neatly belted skirt. The crêpe de Chine scarf adds a note of vivid colour. Stitched tweed is used for the small hat

A luxurious collar of red fox adorns this slender blue wool-georgette coat, worn over an intricately tucked and pleated crêpe de Chine dress. Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street sponsor both these ensembles

DISTINCTIVE ACCESSORIES FOR ALL OCCASIONS



A collection of beautiful bags in ostrich, seal, and crushed morocco; and a "tobacco-pouch" jewel case. From J. C. Vickery

The contrasting surfaces of satin beauté have been exploited by Walpole's for this very graceful dress

Tweed-Stockinette and Crêpe de Chine

TAILORED dresses of soft, flecked wool will be worn beneath tweed coats this autumn. At Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street; 108, Kensington High Street; and 175, Sloane Street, an admirable frock of this description, with an inset *crêpe de Chine* vest, is available for 69*s.* 6*d.*. Sketched on the left of this page is a charming satin *beauté* dress which illustrates the trend of the newest afternoon models. The dull side of the fabric is used for the oblique band, and the sleeves are also worthy of note. On the right is a printed *crêpe de Chine* affair in shades of green, beige and black. A deep pleat in front gives the appearance of a double skirt, the effect being heightened by the vandyked black border.

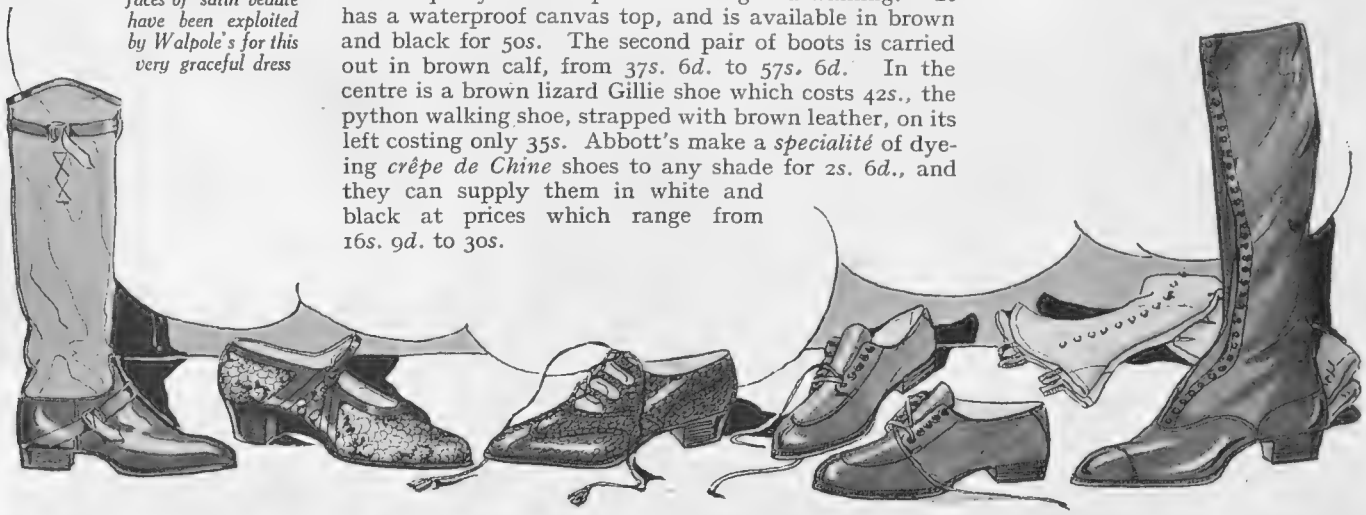
Handbags are Very Luxurious

EACH season more attention is lavished upon accessories. A good handbag always confers distinction upon its owner. Sketched at the head of this page are depicted some which come from J. C. Vickery, 145, Regent Street. On the extreme left is an unusual jewel case that is obtainable in all leathers at prices starting from 21*s.* Next to it is an ostrich bag, with a horn clasp. This costs £3 10*s.* In the centre a large pochette, available in any colour, is priced at £2 15*s.* The seal theatre companion bag with the inset watch may be procured from 3 gns. And lastly, there is, for £3 12*s.* 6*d.*, a fascinating pochette in white crushed morocco, with a gilt clasp and a sealing-wax fob.

Printed green and beige crêpe de Chine makes this Walpole frock. The vandyked borders stress its individuality

Smart and Practical Footwear

WELL-CUT shoes are a valuable investment. Those sketched at the foot of this page come from Abbott's, 324, Oxford Street. The boot sketched on the left is equally well adapted for riding and walking. It has a waterproof canvas top, and is available in brown and black for 50*s.* The second pair of boots is carried out in brown calf, from 37*s.* 6*d.* to 57*s.* 6*d.* In the centre is a brown lizard Gillie shoe which costs 42*s.*, the python walking shoe, strapped with brown leather, on its left costing only 35*s.* Abbott's make a *specialité* of dyeing *crêpe de Chine* shoes to any shade for 2*s.* 6*d.*, and they can supply them in white and black at prices which range from 16*s.* 9*d.* to 30*s.*



These riding and walking boots, the python shoes, strapped with brown leather, and the golf shoes, which are as practical as they are smart, all come from Abbott's

Sketches by Maria Tyrrell

J.C. VICKERY

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BRIDGE COMPETITIONS III & IV

By "ACES EASY"

All things come to an end, and my bridge competitions to a permanent, and bridge articles must come to a temporary conclusion. The articles will, however, resume in October.

❋

On Spades—A; Hearts—A, 4; Diamonds—A, 5; Clubs—K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 6, 3, two bids—and two bids only—are worthy of serious consideration: one club and five clubs. I was delighted to note that the speculative No Trumper was only rarely suggested. I incline to one club, myself, as I believe in the rule "Pre-empt on weakness, not strength." You are far more likely to be doubled if you go up gradually, and, despite the freakiness of your hand, you are quite strong in defence with three aces outside your big club suit. Five points are awarded to one club, four to five clubs.

❋

Fourth in hand on Spades—K, 4; Hearts—K, J; Diamonds—A, K, 2; Clubs—A, K, Q, 10, 3, 2, with a score 24-love against you, I recommend the bid of three no trumps. Here you will either get no bidding or else a great deal of secondary bidding against you, and it is well worth calling big to stop the risk of the latter. It is almost certain that a major suit will be opened to you, so that you will make one guarded king; your clubs are almost sure to drop; and your partner, even though passing, is likely to give you one trick. You will, therefore, make your contract.

❋

On Spades—2; Hearts—K, Q, 10, 3, 2; Diamonds—A, K, Q, 5, 4; Clubs—K, 10, I do not countenance a pass over an original three spade call at a love score. Neither do I admit a bid of four diamonds. The alternatives are four hearts or double. This two-suited double (if one plays a negative double of three—a rarity in England) is excellent nine times out of ten, but this is the tenth case, and, for this reason, if your partner rescues with clubs, he must go *five*; to deny this, you *must* bid your lower suit, diamonds, to give him the opportunity of bidding hearts if he has more of the red major than the red minor. You may well be landed in a contract of five, therefore, on this hand, and go down to defeat. Had the pre-emption been in hearts, and your heart and spade holding were transposed, I recommend the double. I award five points to a bid of four hearts, three to a double, one to a bid of four diamonds, nothing to a pass.

❋

On Spades—9, 6, 4, 2; Hearts—A, K, Q, 10, 5, 3; Diamonds—K, J, 9; Clubs—3, with the score 28 all on rubber game, and sitting East, South dealing and calling a club, West a spade, North five clubs, there is only one possible thing to do, ask for a redeal. Every reader but one considered only the question of raising the spades or bidding the hearts. There are fourteen cards in the hand! Dear, dear! I take the opportunity to state that with four spades and six hearts to four honours. I raise the black suit if my partner has called originally, and bid the red on a forced bid.

In this hand:

North
S—9, 7, 6.
H—K, 10, 3.
D—K, 10, 7, 4.
C—7, 4, 2.

West	*East*
S—A, J, 2.	*S*—Q, 10, 5, 4.
H—J, 4, 2.	*H*—9, 7, 6.
D—9, 3.	*D*—8, 6, 5.
C—A, 10, 9, 5, 3.	*C*—K, Q, 8.

South
S—K, 8, 3.
H—A, Q, 8, 5.
D—A, Q, J, 2.
C—J, 6.

The play should go as follows:—

Trick	*West*	*North*	*East*	*South*
(1)	*C*—5	*C*—2	*C*—Q	*C*—6
(2)	*C*—9	*C*—4	*C*—K	*C*—J
(3)	*C*—3	*C*—7	*C*—8	*D*—J
(4)	*S*—2	*S*—6	*S*—10	*S*—3
(5)	*S*—J	*S*—7	*S*—4	*S*—8

Hereafter West makes his spade ace and two good clubs. It is not incorrect to allow South to play the king on the second round of spades, in which case he is one more down if East overtakes his partner's jack.

❋

The weakness in most solutions, which did not visualise the possibility of forcing East to keep the lead on the third club and make the obvious play to dummy's weakness in spades, and yet realise that there was "a catch in it somewhere," was to make East switch to spades at trick two. This is foolish, as, with a strong dummy shown, the game may well be jeopardised by such play. The primary skill is shown by West unblocking with the club nine at trick two, having led fourth best, as South has no object in false-carding with the jack if he held the eight also. East must lead a spade which dummy cannot win. It is obvious from East's play of ten of spades at trick four that he has not queen, jack, ten. Nevertheless, East should not lead the queen missing the jack.

❋

The winner of Competition III is W. H. L. Cabell, Cook's Hill, Mundesley, Norfolk, with 98 per cent. Consolation prizes of Bystander cards go to: F. B. Guedalla, 7, Park Crescent, Portland Place, W.; J. D. Finlaison, Wyndham House, Sloane Square, S.W.; T. S. Wraith, 21, Beacon Street, Low Fell, Co. Durham; E. A. Gregory, 8, Strachan Place, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19; C. E. S. T. Lutley, 4, Queen's Gate, Plymouth.

The bidding on the one hand I set for Competition IV:—

North
S—A, K, x.
H—K, x, x.
D—K, Q, J, x, x, x.
C—x.

West	*East*
S—10, x, x, x, x.	*S*——.
H—Q, x, x, x.	*H*—9.
D——.	*D*—10, x, x, x, x, x.
C—A, Q, J, x.	*C*—K, 10, x, x, x, x.

South
S—Q, J, x, x, x.
H—A, J, 10, x, x.
D—A.
C—x, x.

should, in my opinion, go as follows:—

South	*West*	*North*	*East*
1 S.	N.B.	N.B.	2 D.
2 H.	N.B.	2 S.	3 C.
3 S.	5 C.	4 S.	6 C.

Double or 5 S. All pass.

In the event of the double standing, the opening lead should be a trump. Thereafter a penalty of 300 will be registered by N-S.

In the event of the five spades being bid the play should go as follows:—

	West	*North*	*East*	*South*
(1)	*C*—A	*C*—x	*C*—x	*C*—x
(2)	*C*—Q	*S*—x	*C*—x	*C*—x
(3)	*S*—x	*S*—K	*D*—x	S—x
(4)	*S*—x	*D*—x	*D*—x	*D*—x
(5)	*C*—J	*D*—x	*C*—x	*S*—x

Hereafter North leads the spade ace, then a heart, taken by South with the ace. South draws trumps and leads the jack of hearts to dummy's king, making the king, queen, jack of diamonds.

❋

With the South hand I recommend a spade originally instead of a heart, as it is always better to follow the practice of bidding the higher-ranking suit first when possible. With the two quick tricks outside in two different suits it is quite safe. East should follow the same system. Once East shows the clubs, West must give him a double jump, even if five clubs were not necessary against the spades. East, on his freak distribution and negative top-card value, should risk the small slam. West should not double.

❋

The winner of Competition IV is Mrs. E. V. Stace, 17, Pembridge Gardens, W.2. Consolation prizes are awarded to: C. T. Reay, Moorhurst, Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea; Mrs. Askew, Moorhurst, Hollington, Sussex; and Major C. F. Wightman, The Old Palace, Royston, Herts, to the last-named of which I append the information, on request, that "petering" is playing a high card before a low one—sometimes called "echoing." Other solvers were too far out to be considered.

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DOGS

TALK? WHY, CERTAINLY!

By "THE KENNELMAN"

WITH open stubble and partridge shooting in the offing there should be a specially good muster of Gun-Dogs at the Show due in Lincoln to-day, Wednesday. To-day also Spiller's are benching and feeding a biggish Show in Dundee; and to-morrow there's a Championship Scottish Terrier Show in Handel Street, Bloomsbury, at which the Die-Hards will have a deal to say for themselves.

APART from their exceptional beauty of line and colouring, the reason of the steadily increasing popularity of British-bred Gun-Dogs as pals, and among folk who never handle a gun, is their wonderful combination of docility and teachableness with quite first-rate intelligence. Their discretion and sagacity, their douceness and prudence, their phenomenal self-control and sense of discipline: these lovable and precious qualities have now been bred into the very nerves and tissue of the inimitable Cockers, the dignified and beautifully coloured Setters, English, Irish and Gordon, the Field Spaniels, Retrievers, Labradors, Goldens, etc. What *pucca sahibs,* what true sportsmen, what dependable companions they all are! And as for doing everything except speak, as their admirers so often say they can, "The Kennelman" by no means puts speaking past 'em, but, on the contrary, has found some the very best kind of talkers he knows. No blethering or small talk, to be sure; no gas for the sake of making conversation; but perfectly splendid fellows for a quiet yarn over a log fire, say; and, again, in action, mates who can be trusted always to be well on the forepart of their feet to catch your word at the right moment; yes, and to give you just the word or nod you need, too, with never a syllable wasted, and never a sound where silence is best. In that connection, by the way, the matter of teaching and understanding Dog talk, look up the "Dog's Primer of the English Language," in Captain Trapman's book; "The Dog: Man's Best Friend." It's a revelation, even for some of the most doggy of humans, and well worth study.

Sport and General

The first three dog hounds prize-winners with William Bore, the huntsman, at the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Puppy Show. It was held at Cirencester last week

A READER on a fruit ranch in the Okanagan Valley, B.C., makes the pertinent suggestion that either the Kennel Club or the G.H.Q. of the National Dog Week (which is Temple Chambers, E.C.4) might add notably to their services to the Dog-loving, English-speaking world by the compilation and regular issue of an "Annual Register of Dog Deeds," which should record all important and duly authenticated cases in which our Dogs serve the community each year by the saving or attempted saving of life, human and animal, the prevention of theft and loss of property by fire, giving timely warning of danger, and other outstanding good deeds. It's a remarkably sound notion, and some such official record has been needed for a long time, if only as a matter of *noblesse oblige,* between human and Dog folk.

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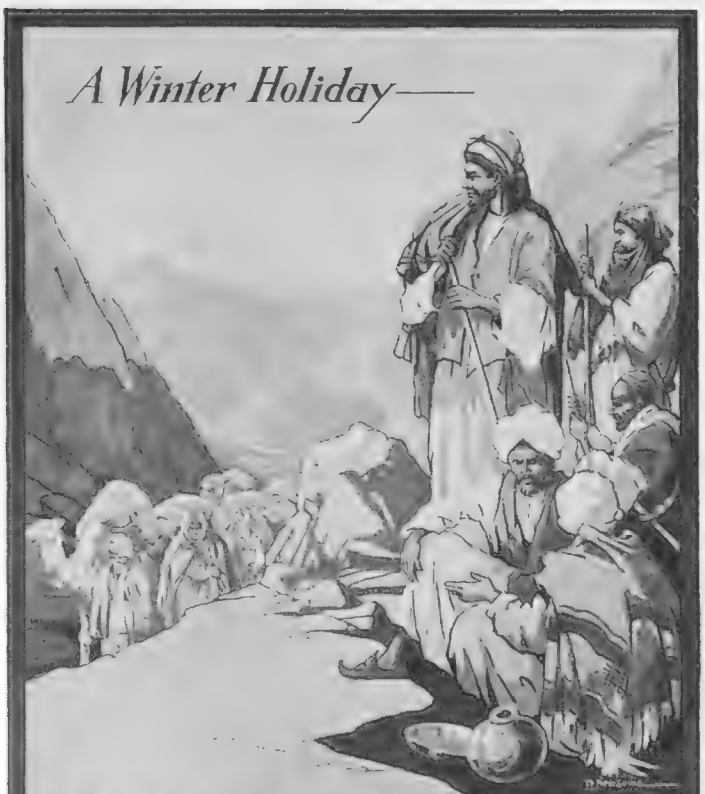

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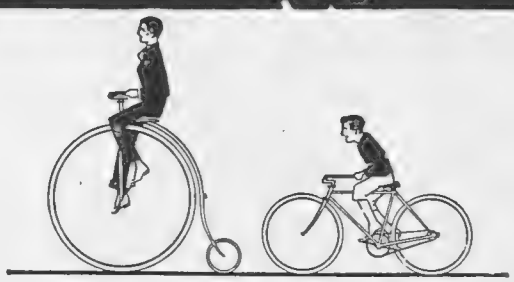

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Turbot Steak.

Ragoût of Calf's Head.
French Beans à la Crème.

Roast Partridges.
Salade.

Mushroom Toast.

Melon Ice.

Shrimp Cocktails

Put into the bottom of a rather large wineglass a good dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, cover with picked shrimps, and then add a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce, in which a few drops of Tabasco pepper sauce have been added. The latter is an American sauce, and gives the requisite hot flavour to the cocktail.

Turbot Steak

Cut a thick steak weighing about 1 lb. Cover the bottom of a fireproof dish with an onion and some parsley finely chopped. Put in the fish, brush it over with a little melted butter, and bake in a good oven for thirty minutes. Mix together 1 oz. of butter and ¾ oz. of flour, and when well blended stir in half a pint of milk and 2 oz. of grated cheese. The sauce should be creamy. Strain it round the fish and garnish the top with small balls of mashed potato.

Ragoût of Calf's Head

Cut into slices half an inch thick and as long as possible the flesh from a boiled calf's head, and sprinkle on both sides with grated nutmeg, flour, and salt. Fry the meat a light brown colour in butter, and put each piece as it is cooked into a stewpan. Mix a tablespoonful of flour smoothly with a little water and add it to the butter left in the pan. Add to this gradually a breakfastcupful of the water the head was previously boiled in and a glass of sherry. Season the liquor with a little cayenne and the juice of half a lemon. Pour the sauce over the meat and let it simmer for fifteen minutes. Arrange in an entrée dish, pour the sauce round, and garnish with sippets of toast.

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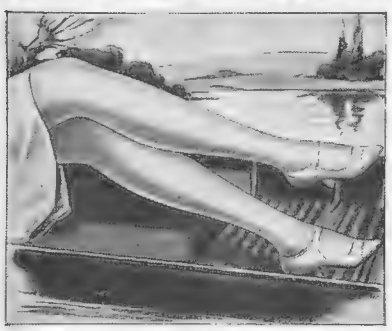
Wash the birds in cold water in which a little soda has been dissolved, wipe them perfectly dry with a clean cloth, and rub them thoroughly inside and out with salt and pepper. Then rub the outside of the birds with butter and dredge them well with flour. This forms a paste which serves to keep in the juices. Before putting the birds in the oven pour a quart of boiling water in the pan, place the birds on a rack so that they stand out of the water, and roast in a quick oven, not more than forty-five minutes; less if the birds are very small. After the first fifteen minutes baste every ten minutes. The success of this recipe depends largely upon the paste of butter and flour, and the frequent basting. If these directions are carefully followed the birds will be deliciously juicy and have a fine flavour. Serve with a garnish of watercress and a dish of red currant jelly.

Solving the Problem of Unwanted Hair



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BURGESS'
RECIPE

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N.B. On no account heat the Anchovies.

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The EDITOR'S BOX

Gilbert and Sullivan on the Gramophone

The exclusive publication on September 1 of the entire music of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," added another notable triumph to the gramophone recording of "His Master's Voice."

The twelve double-sided discs will be a great delight to that vast multitude of Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts, as the brilliance of the orchestral playing, beauty of the singing, and clarity of diction set a standard as high as has ever been achieved in gramophone music. The performances recorded are absolutely authoritative in interpretation and maintain the strictest Savoyard traditions. Not only has Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte personally supervised the recordings, but Dr. Malcolm Sargent, probably the greatest living authority on Sullivan's music, has conducted and been musically responsible for every note. Dr. Sargent cannot remember the time when he was not playing Sullivan operas. At the early age of fourteen he conducted his first Gilbert and Sullivan rehearsal, "The Gondoliers," and when still in his early twenties he had not only conducted most of the *répertoire* with amateur societies, but had been solely responsible for the production of many of the operas. The principal vocalists in the "His Master's Voice" recording of the "Pirates of Penzance" are the Misses Elsie Griffin, Nellie Briercliffe, Nellie Walker, Dorothy Gill, Messrs. Derek Oldham, George Baker, Peter Dawson, Leo Sheffield, and Stuart Robertson, and each member of the full symphony orchestra is an artist player individually chosen. The singing of the chorus is particularly beautiful. Many of the vocalists are well-known concert artists, and a list of their names would be surprising. They were all carefully rehearsed alone and with principals many times before entering the recording studio.

Wilson and Hudson

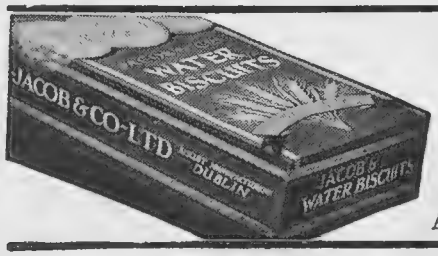
Mr. Anderson, the Willys-Overland agent of Fallowfield, Manchester, hits on an ingenious way of advertising the latest Whippet Superior four-cylinder model. It is easy to appreciate why Mr. Anderson has the courage of his convictions, for a Whippet Superior recently covered the distance from Land's End to John O' Groats —886½ miles—on top gear!

The Laws of England

An invaluable book of reference is the 1929 edition of "Every Man's Own Lawyer," which was published recently by Messrs. Crosby, Lockwood and Son at the price of 15s. This volume, which contains over eight hundred pages, is a complete epitome of the laws of England, and its object is to enable those who consult it to help themselves to the law and thereby to dispense as far as possible with professional assistance and advice. Among many other branches the law relating to Landlord and Tenant, Trustees and Executors, Masters, Servants and Workmen, Dealings with Money, Husband and Wife and Children is thoroughly and clearly expounded, as are Criminal Law, Game Laws, and very many others. This is a most comprehensive and complete work, and one which should find a place in the bookcase of every home.

At Olympia

The Shipping Engineering and Machinery Exhibition which is to be held at Olympia from September 12th to the 28th, promises to be remarkably interesting. Visitors should not fail to stop at Stands Nos. 9 and 10, Row F, in the Main Hall, where Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., are showing two interesting examples of their work. The first is a Thornycroft 40ft. "standard class" cabin cruiser, and the second is a Thornycroft "Sea Hawk" speed boat for twelve passengers. Both are excellent examples of this firm's work.



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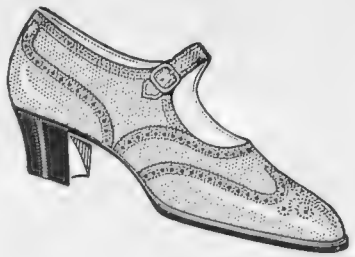

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The figures of the man and woman foreshortened, scurrying away side by side.

"I suppose they are?"
"Of *course* they are!"
"But one cannot be sure."
"Rot! of course one can."
"But how do you *know?*"
"Oh! one just—*knows*."

. . . .

When he had gone, she stood in the middle of the room and the tears poured down her face, and when the landlady, coming upon her unexpectedly, saw them, she thought she knew. She was crying for a moment she had denied herself; for an ecstasy that had withered unclaimed. She had very few illusions. She knew definitely that Justine Drydell would take that job, that he would not lose sight of her, that in the end they would probably marry. She knew that she would never know the joy of his clinging to her as he would have done last night, that he was not really a clinger—and oh! she would have savoured it so richly, as a life's memory.

Yet, even the maid who fetched her taxi, she thought *she* knew, and the office thought *they* knew when they arrived together three hours late; and a year later, when Justine Earle's ex-wife saw the announcement of their marriage in the paper, she thought she knew.

And, most of all, Alicia, when she returned the black frock, she thought *she* knew.

No, people DON'T always know!

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☞ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* "Facktative" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 75), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1 *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

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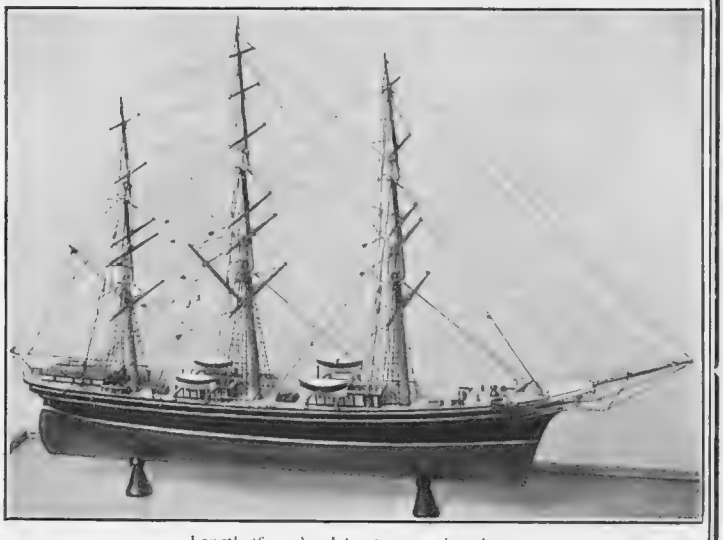
"CUTTY SARK"

A NEW MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

A New Model by FRANK H. MASON of the famous "CUTTY SARK" has now been issued by the Sporting Gallery, as a sequel to the same artist-craftsman's "Thermopylæ." *The limited reproduction of the latter (25 in number) have all been sold, and are at a premium.* Twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, will be made of "Cutty Sark," and orders will be executed strictly in rotation as received at the price of Twenty-two Guineas each (packing and transport extra).

These pieces are produced to meet the demand for *true* models of the old Sailing Ships which shall do justice to the grace and beauty of the original vessels, and are works of exquisite charm. "Cutty Sark" is finished in black and copper, with gilt work as necessary. Fittings and blocks are of superior quality

An example can be inspected in the Sporting Gallery.

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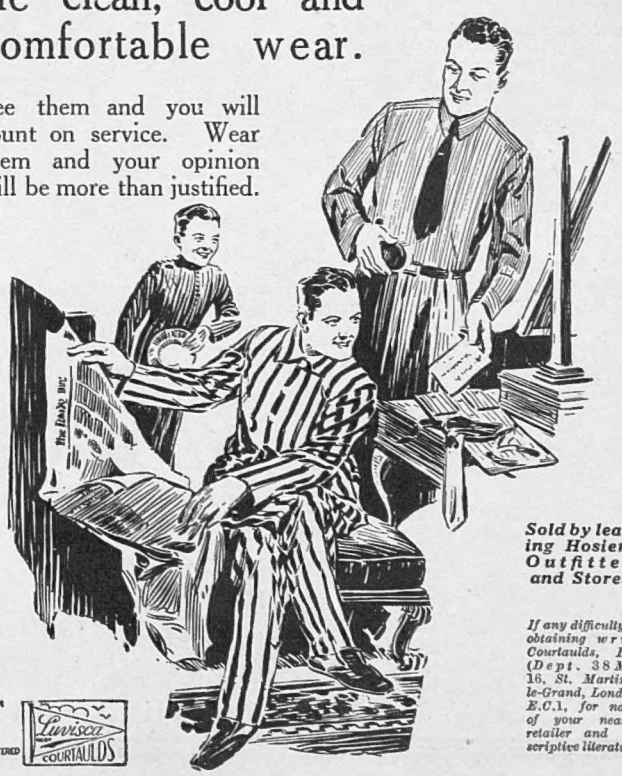

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